

# The American Friend

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SEPTEMBER 17, 1936

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## Refuse Him Not, Builders!

L. Willard Reynolds

## Poetry and Life

Douglas V. Steere

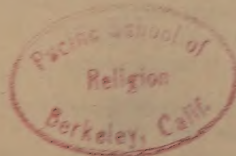
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## OUTLOOK AND OUTREACH

A Contributed Page by the American Friends Service Committee

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### OBSERVING GOD'S TROUBADOURS NINETEEN THIRTY-SIX MODEL

I arrived at Dillonvale on Saturday morning. It is a village tucked between the folds of great green hills in Southern Ohio, with a railroad running through the center of the town like a great artery. Once you are closed in, in the village by the hills, the railroad appears to be the only connection which seems to give contact with the rest of the world.

I inquired where I might find the members of the A. F. S. C. Volunteers Work Camp, and an agent in the Express office told me both where they were working and where they were living. Twice he emphasized this remark: "You can't miss the place where they are building a playground, for everybody knows where they are working." Later on in a barber shop, I discovered that the barber, too, knew a great deal about the workers and their plans and purposes. In looking for the rooms where the men in the Camp slept, I found it necessary to inquire of a young dentist where the men were. He, too, knew as much about the activities of the group as if he were a member of it. I immediately realized that like the barber and the dentist and the express agent, others in the town also knew of the activities in progress.

Later in the day, a housewife sitting on her front porch was talking to me, and I asked her what impression the Work Camp was having upon the town. She remarked that at first many of the people could not understand what it was all about. She could not comprehend at first why such finely trained young people would want to come there to work and to do it without pay. When she learned that their motive was to express their Christian ideals in actual physical action; to offer a constructive service in peace-time rather than to perform destructive service in war-time, then she said she thought it was a most wonderful experience to see the young people going about their work. It was a rich experience to see how a demonstration of "Christian Love" was winning the hearts and lives of the people in the whole village.

The influence of the workers extended beyond the village. The high-vaulted hills which rimmed the town were no barriers. Every day some of the girls joined with local teachers and taught in the Vacation Bible Schools being conducted in nearby rural churches. On attended different denominational meet-

ings. It was not only a matter of attendance, but also of participation. These things which were true of the Dillonvale Camp were duplicated in kind in the various Camps. One Sunday morning, I am told, a service was conducted in a Friends Meeting, where a young Catholic played a musical solo, a young Jew read the Scripture lesson from the New Testament, and a Friend spoke. The removal of barriers of class, creed, color, or prejudice, was evident on all occasions.

On this particular Saturday that I visited the group at Dillonvale, they had been invited to Barnesville for a picnic supper. They had left the Camp before I arrived, but due to the good grace of the Hamilton car, I was transported to the Livezey home where the Campers were in conference. In most informal fashion and attire, the group had assembled in a garage, seeking shelter from the hot sun. Here, seated or lying upon a rug or blankets spread on the floor, they were discussing the relative merits of conservatism and radicalism. No day was too hot nor hour too late for a sincere quest for truth through a discussion period.

If anyone is of the opinion that a Work Camp is a place for a leisurely vacation, the idea can soon be corrected by a few

### A HUT BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

Not far from the gate of Heaven  
Stands a hut by the side of the road,  
Where a cup of cold water is given,  
Where the weary may lighten his  
load.

There an unseen guest abideth  
And giveth the bread of life,  
There the law of love it guideth  
Away from the field of strife.

The light of an upper portal  
Shines far into the night  
A beacon that points some mortal  
To that effulgent light

That guides to a highland haven  
To an eternal home  
Across Death's chilly river  
Beyond this mystic gloam.

Long may this wayside hostel  
Within the leafy wood  
Be a refuge to the weary,  
An inn of brotherhood.

HENRY COFFIN FELLOW.  
Wichita, Kansas.

days' visit to a Camp. During nine weeks of the hottest part of the summer, these young people had given up their private rooms in comfortable homes to come to the Camps, where they slept on cots and endured hardships like good soldiers. During the free periods of the afternoon or evening, if you wanted a little privacy at Dillonvale for reading or writing, it was necessary to drive to the top of a hill, spread blankets on the ground under the apple trees in the old orchard and, if you were successful in getting all the apples out from under the blankets, you had a comfortable place to sit or lie. But all obstacles were surmounted with a spirit of cheerfulness, a real concern for the comforts of others, and a sense of cooperation that was admirable.

It was an enlightening experience to join the men of the Camp as they began their work Monday morning, digging the wading pool for the playgrounds. The surface layer of soft clay had beneath it a strata of shale which required picks and brawny muscles. But no one seemed to object to the hardness of the work. They toiled in the hot sun, their arms and backs burned to a healthy copper color from exposure to the sun for many days. Someone began to sing and with vigor and enthusiasm others joined in. I thought of Saint Francis of Assisi rebuilding the Church of St. Damien. He sang as he lifted the rocks in place with his own hands. The work and the singing were equally contagious until others joined in with great interest. Because they enjoyed hard work for the Kingdom of God, they were called "God's Troubadours" or "God's Little Fools." I thought either title might fit the Work Campers.

Saint Francis and his followers were so joyful and happy, so content even in the face of hardships, and so full of radiant Christian love, that many were attracted by their leadership. They received ill treatment and difficulties as a comical adventure. Because they were so full of amusing stunts, they were sometimes nick-named, "God's Comic Acrobats—jolly fellows who stand on their heads for the love of Jesus." They were the living exponents of their culture and their faith which they spread, not through books, but through their speech and songs. They, themselves, were their message, and it was so contagious that others were transformed by its enthusiasm. In the dark days when Innocent III was in power, he said, "We need to get the spirit of the Troubadours into religion." The young men and women who have been in the Summer Work Camps have impressed me as having this spirit. They are God's Comic Acrobats—or God's Troubadours.

LESLIE D. SHAFFER.  
Philadelphia, Pa.



# THE AMERICAN FRIEND

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## Refuse Him Not, O Builders!

By L. Willard Reynolds

THERE is a tradition that when Solomon's Temple was in the building a stone was found without seeming purpose and was thrown away. Later, it was discovered that the chief corner stone was lacking, and that the rejected stone fitted this most important place. Probably this tradition is reflected in Psalms 118:22, and by Peter in Acts 4:11. The disciples had discovered that Jesus of Nazareth, despised and rejected of men, was the chief corner stone. Boldly Peter flung the challenge at the rulers of Israel: "This is the stone which was set at nought of you builders, which is become the head of the corner."

Jesus had offered himself as the corner stone of his nation's salvation. (Matt. 21:42.) "I am the light of the world," he had declared; "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness." Here he embraced the whole world in his bid for leadership. The tragic choice made by his people caused him anguish. He cried, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thee, but ye would not. But now is your house left unto you desolate."

At one time it seemed that he would be accepted. Multitudes followed him. Many rulers believed on him. A movement seemed on foot even to force him to become their king. But it is clear that Jesus did not want to be that kind of a leader. He did not aspire to be a king, or governor, or high priest, or military hero. He would offer himself as their spiritual leader. "I am come a light," he said; not a light to be gazed at, to dazzle men with his brilliance, but to "lighten every man that cometh into the world." His leadership would be like bread, the king of foods because it is the most needed and most used. He would be like leaven, changing the secret motives and spirits of men. He would lead them into true freedom, which comes, not from outward arrangements, but from inward rightness.

Jesus was saying: I will save the nation (as well as its members) by changing its inner life. He appealed to the rulers to "be born again." He set about cleansing and renewing their worship. He would break the power of Mammon. The service motive must replace the profit motive. Race hatreds and bigotry must be driven out. People must begin to love even their enemies. They must come to rely on goodness to overcome evil. So he would save them. But he and his program were rejected. By so doing the nation rejected its only road to peace and salvation. Jesus foresaw its doom and wept.

Now what caused the destruction of Jerusalem and the Jewish nation? The Jewish historian, Josephus, gives a striking answer. He tells how a man named Judas, about the time of the taxing at Jesus' birth, organized and led a revolt against the Roman tyranny. "This taxation," he declared, "is no better than an introduction into slavery. Strike boldly for liberty, and the God of Israel will come to our aid." Josephus, looking back upon this revolt after

the nation had fallen in 70 A.D., says: "All sorts of misfortunes sprang from these men, and the nation was infected with this doctrine to an incredible degree; one violent war came upon us after another; the sedition at last so increased that the very temple of God was burnt down by their enemies' fire." (Antiquities of the Jews 18:1, 1.)

This Judas and his revolutionary zealots were saying: Salvation is by the sword (with God's help). Josephus and his party of the Pharisees were saying: Salvation is by grudging, bitter endurance, praying for vengeance until God consumes our enemies with fire from heaven. Jesus in effect was declaring: Salvation lies only in a glorious uprising of the national soul. Conquer your enemies by the power of a cleansed spirit. Overcome evil—smother it out—with good. Make your foes your friends through justice, good will, and sacrifice. Break the slave-chains of your own sins, and then your national bondage can be lifted.

The builders of Jewry in that day rejected Jesus' way. They said, "No Jesus, we will build without you. You do not fit. We will have a very good building our way." They cast him out. They heaped shame upon him. They buried him. But there was no other foundation stone for an enduring building.

George Russell, the late Irish poet-philosopher-statesman, said to his own poor and troubled people: "When we begin to build up a lofty world within the national soul, soon the country becomes beautiful and worthy of respect in the externals."

We are in a time when Jesus is not taken very seriously. A minister asked a man who had little interest in religion to read the gospel of Mark and then tell what he thought of Jesus. The man agreed to do so. His answer was: "I think Jesus was a man who made himself a lot of unnecessary trouble." Even those who say "Lord, Lord," are in danger of the great refusal. We exalt Jesus because he walked the way of the cross; but we have not walked in that way. We preach salvation through the cross, which is right; but we have not connected salvation with crosses of our own. Because of this partial blindness, we fail to grasp the fact that Christ can save, not only a soul, but a society. The cross has meaning for nations as well as for individuals. *In hoc signo vinces* is Christ's true word to the rulers of the world.

What today do we need more than the abolition of armies and navies? These hang over us like the sword of Damocles, suspended by a thread, ready to fall upon us. Yet, how many Christian people would vote for America to lead the way in disarming first? That would be dangerous, they say. But super-preparedness is also dangerous—"Our big navies are not the sign of our strength, but the sign of our weakness," a great Christian leader recently warned us.



"They that take the sword, shall perish with the sword." What if America would accept the spiritual leadership of Jesus?

A lieutenant-colonel in the U. S. army writes: "We live in a world governed by divine laws which we can neither alter nor evade. And in this world of ours, force is the ultimate power. . . . As to human nature, it is as God ordained it, and it does not change. . . . The mainsprings of human action are self-preservation and self-interest, in a word *selfishness*. And in this universal and unchangeable human trait, we find the cause of war and the means of peace. So selfishness is not an unmitigated evil; otherwise it would not have been ordained."

Surely Jesus would have said to such a way of thinking: "It is false. Force is not the ultimate power. Blessed are the meek; they shall inherit the earth. Selfishness is not the mainspring of human action. Everyone that exalteth himself shall be abased. Seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and life's good things shall come to you." Jesus declared that love is the law of life. He championed the cause of the poor, the outcast, the fallen. He denounced the holding of riches. He attacked the barriers between the races. He stood for non-violence. He exalted justice, goodness and brotherhood. He trusted in God.

In Jesus is our faith. He held the key to the salvation of his people, and of all people. That key was divine,

sacrificial love. They spurned it. We spurn it today. But when men receive him and his way of life, salvation begins. An eminent sociologist, Charles A. Ellwood, dares us to trust him. "There can be no doubt," he declares, "about the power of public opinion to make a Christian society, and ultimately a Christian world. The crying need is for Christian churches to go into the business of guiding public opinion, which they have done little of, except along a few lines, like the suppression of the liquor traffic."

But can the churches guide public opinion toward a Christian world? Not until they let Jesus guide more fully their own opinion. Bishop McConnell has made a terrific indictment of our Christianity measured by this simple test: "Love your enemies. Pray for those who despitefully use you." "I don't suppose," he writes, "that anyone would maintain that these words are observed anywhere, on any considerable scale, in the world today."

"The government shall be upon his shoulder; . . . of the increase of his government, and of peace, there will be no end." Increase, yes, but only by *his* method. The place for this stone is not on top of the wall when the building is done, but in the foundation. It is not to be admired, but to be built on. The stone which the builders are rejecting is still the headstone of the corner. Refuse him not, O builders!

Poplar Ridge, New York.

## Poetry and Life

A Detached Preface By Douglas V. Steere

I WAS recently asked to review a book of poetry. I found the task raising questions in my mind about the canons by which poetry is to be judged, questions which would not be put aside. I sketched out several obvious canons of this sort from which to make my review, meaning to attach them as a preface to it. Then I found that the impatient limitations of space imposed upon reviews made this course difficult. In this dilemma I felt almost called upon to confront my task as reviewer with a heartening line that Carrol Brown recently quoted to me from one of Coleridge's Notebooks apropos of certain visitors: "They put questions which cannot be answered but by a return to first principles, and then they complain of me as not conversing but lecturing." Here is the detached preface.

Heinrich Heine once observed that "what life takes away, music restores. . . ." and one is driven to add, "to life." For wherever music and poetry and the other arts have escaped being dead imitations and have been really alive, they have been integrally related both with our own basic natures, and with the authentic emotional relationships between our lives and the significant elements of the world in which we live. With this addition, the sentence is an eminently satisfactory description of the function of poetry: "What life takes away, poetry restores to life."

*What life takes away:* In adult life, the life of the senses and of sense imagery tends to sink to a mediocre level if it is not stimulated and actively used. Living as we urban dwellers do in what is almost a "canned world," life has a way of confining us so largely to prepared sights and sounds and tastes and smells and feels that this tendency of our native senses and their imagery to atrophy is greatly enhanced. Nature made us to loosen, to open, to expand in the presence of the after-glow of the sunken sun, the peal of distant bells, the taste of dead-ripe fruit, the smell of arbutus, the bodily glow that comes when, shod with

steel, we sweep in rhythm across a sheet of ice. Life tends to rob us of the sensitiveness of these precious sense doors by which alone the outer world may enter.

*What life takes away:* As we pass through adulthood, life has a genius for freezing us up emotionally. It is a kind of arterio-sclerosis—a hardening of the arteries of our emotional life from without inwards. Consider the primitive emotional spontaneity in a little child's sense of wonder before all things, in his swift, frank, whole-souled approval or disapproval of a situation, an object, or a person. Consider the wonder of young love, or the youth's fresh passionate faith that the world's remaking lies within him, that it depends only upon the inner integrity of his vision, that outer resistances are only giant spider-webs spun over the door of the new day by adult cowardice, cobwebs that can never resist the firm hand of youth should it seize the handle of that door. Consider the joyous love of all creatures found in certain of the early Franciscans, and recall their passionate readiness to confront Sultan, King, or Pope with holy truth if it seemed right. Consider these fresh expressions of emotional life alongside most adult emotional experience, and like light they will reveal both themselves and darkness.

*What life takes away:* Life is also gifted in its power to draw us to respond emotionally to what is "good form" to respond to, and in the way and to the degree that convention dictates. By the time adulthood is arrived at, life has often succeeded so well that it has rooted large areas of emotional dishonesty so deeply into our habits that we are able no longer to detect them. Consider several emotional responses that go beyond what society may either demand, expect, or even have the right to beg of a man—and that it may even resent. An artist in the interest of greater clarity of expression changes his style, knowing in advance that he is not likely to outlive the general misun-



derstanding that will follow; a young man of recognized ability puts aside the customary channel of a professional career and prepares himself for a cooperative project that needs him; a woman in the midst of a little drawing room group where some absent person is being subjected to a verbal lynching, relates a pointed anecdote that releases the group from the slavery of gossip, and restores their sense of perspective toward both themselves and the person under attack; a woman whose circumstances were such as to be fully aware of the value of a cruse of precious ointment, breaks it and pours it over the feet of one who has redeemed her from inner destruction; a man who took a basin and a towel and literally washed the feet of those of his company that considered themselves beneath him in rank. However much we may argue against the social practicability of these things, however much we may feel uncomfortable or even resent these things in others when we see them done in our presence, who is there of us who does not at their enactment or at their mention feel the rousing of a slumbering life in him, of a life which if it could get above the threshold of speech would cry out, "Oh, would to God that I had the courage to let this deep emotional longing in me respond half so authentically to what I feel to be true!" Yet the emotional lives of few adults manage to escape the leveling hand of the convention of their group and age.

*What life takes away poetry restores to life:* Now poetry springs from and appeals to that starved primitive level of a man's nature that has to do with his basic senses and their imagery. Poetry hints at sights and sounds, at smells and tastes and feelings that quicken the withered senses and their corresponding share in our imaginative life and that revive in us the ecstasy of the sheer natural delight that accompanies their measured exercise. But poetry does not stop there.

*What life takes away poetry restores to life:* Behind these several senses and their action, there stand the deeper native guides of emotion, such as wonder and love, justice and hope, that cannot but harden in the half-hearted prudences of social life. Poetry feeds them from within. Its form as well as its matter may help to still the dispersing dissonances of the world and release these guides to swell out to their native strength. Or if this formal element be

wanting, then its matter may draw out these guides and undergird them to man's benefit. For in poetry as in the young man's vision, one is dealing with the springs of life's action and not alone with its mottled surface. That surface, like the flexibility of the walls of a man's veins, depends ultimately upon the health of the inner tissues and the content of the blood stream. Poetry renews our emotional life from within.

*What life takes away poetry restores to life:* Along with sensuous imagination and our native guides of emotion, there is the authentic relation of our emotional life to the significant elements in the life of the world around us. Here the ingrained traditions hold us in their grip and fasten upon us much habitual emotional dishonesty. The spell of poetry touches this captive self with its wand. It renews it from within. It fuses mind, emotion, and its native guides, imagination and senses into a collected self. It may in this state touch and even linger at what seems to be the true reality. Out of this centered condition, there seems to come a power to see both through and beyond the rind of the conventional estimate of that which is significant in life and to discern the authenticity of our existing feelings toward it. When this happens, the poetic experience is separated from the religious experience only by the degree of commitment of the will that is involved.

As it is borne within the frame of the poetic, the quality of moral and spiritual insight which makes up the matter of poetry may contribute to this release from imprisonment in the conventional. Poetry then may restore in us the vision upon which emotional integrity depends.

If poetry then ministers to these elements of sensuous delight, of renewal of spontaneous life from within, and of a degree of release from the numbing hypocrisies of conventional emotional response, and ministers to a more accurate vision of the authentic relation of our feelings to the significant elements in our world—then a poem may be said to be a good poem only as it participates in these restorative processes. Its greatness may then be gauged by how completely it shares in this well of renewal. *What life takes away poetry restores to life.*

Haverford College.

# Among The Hills of Home

## In the Country God Remembered

WHEN mentally poised in air, so to speak, preparatory to beginning this story, there flashed in mind the title of some book or other written a good while ago on the country God forgot. We don't remember what particular country it was, and it doesn't seem to matter, for, without attributing any limitations to Deity, we have passed through more than one region during the heat-devastating, drouth-wasting summer just past which might easily suggest a similar title. All the more striking by contrast, therefore, was our pleasure in the country God remembered.

### HOW GOD REMEMBERED OREGON

It has come to be an axiom that while man made—well, say a certain State that depends largely upon irrigation—

God made Oregon. He certainly did. (California readers will please stand by without fidgeting too much. In good time we shall give honorable mention to the Golden State.) God remembered Oregon not only with a variety and wealth of natural resources not easily surpassed, but also with a beauty and grandeur of landscape that tell what country is really meant when one speaks of God's Out-of-Doors. When fashioning the firmament and landscaping his "Good Earth," God remembered Oregon with verdure-clad mountains crowned with snow-clad sentinels; with towering forests of evergreen; with noble, full-flowing rivers; with wondrously fertile valleys which blossom not merely like the rose but with the rose—that queen of the flowers; with

broad fields of waving grain; with orchards heavy with many fruits; with lovely hills and rolling countryside that delight the eye; with plunging cascades and leaping cataracts that sparkle in the sunlight; and with the gentle Oregon mist, which falleth when it listeth (which is with quite some frequency) and maketh this country that God remembered a "green and pleasant land."

### OREGONIANS A LITTLE PRIDEFUL

Furthermore and particularly to the point this sizzling summer, God remembered Oregon with an equable and salubrious climate. On this point we found Oregonians to be a little prideful. Friends frequently pressed upon us an expression of appreciation of the pleasant weather, even asking pointblank how we



could bear to leave Oregon for such a lost and undone State as Indiana—or any other State, for that matter. Day after day when people to eastward were sweltering in prostrating heat, the leading Portland daily prefaced the eastern press dispatches with a complacent paragraph, citing the local thermometer reading and reminding readers of the cool summer enjoyed in Oregon. This appealed to us as a little more than seemed necessary in the way of smug satisfaction. There is an art in enjoying one's blessings, including those so manifestly God-given, with gratitude mingled with becoming humility. But who are we to cast the first stone? We all but caused a riot among those of the family and friendly circle left behind by writing that we were enjoying a little fire in the living room every morning of our stay in Oregon!

#### SNOW-CROWNED HOOD GREETUS US

Following the close of the Northwest Young Friends Conference on Puget Sound, we left Seattle on July 6, heading southward for the land of our heart's desire. At about six o'clock that evening, as we drove across the Columbia and the State line, we turned our eyes eastward, and there in the very course of the mighty river loomed regal, snow-crowned Hood, first to greet us. It was exactly the view which had been ours four years before when, on leaving the State, we had taken one last, lingering look at the mountain which is Oregon's pride—and which the writer has had the thrill of climbing. Quite soon thereafter we pulled up at the King home on the heights of Portland which commands a view, not only of the city and the Willamette river which flows through it, but of some half dozen snow peaks of the Cascade Mountains. We were indeed in Oregon again. After spending the night with our sister and family, we drove twenty-five miles up to Newberg next morning where mother awaited us at the old home with such a welcome as only mothers can give.

#### THESE ARE THE HILLS OF HOME

Among the numberless songs that crash in on the air, there is one that invariably arrests our attention. When "The Hills of Home" is sung we not only hear but see. From our boyhood home at the mouth of Chehalem Valley (Valley of Flowers) we raised our eyes in three directions to encircling hills rising some three miles distant to a height of perhaps ten to twelve hundred feet above the valley level. These hills, on the north and east and west, were close enough to be intimate and friendly. They were peopled with folks whom we knew. In general they seemed to be covered with forests of stately fir, which presented a lovely color scheme of hazy blues and greens. Interspersed among the forests, however, were rolling acres of fertile

farms, which sometimes marked the very summit of the hills, so that with the blue and green of the trees was mingled the lighter green of the grain, which became yellow and then golden. The hills to the west, called the Red hills from the marked color of their soil, came to be covered with orchards which grew to be widely known for their fine quality of purplish prunes. If one looked up the valley through the gap between the Red hills to the west, and the Chehalem hills or mountains on the north, he was greeted with a deep-blue barricade cast up by the Coast Range mountains athwart the western horizon.

However often we did it, whether afoot, on horseback or by horse and buggy, it was always a real event when we went up on any of these hills that compassed us round about and slaked afresh our thirst for sheer beauty in gazing upon the panorama spread before us, looking southward across the Willamette river on the fourth side of our nestling valley, to the broadening prairies beyond. These are "the hills of home" which we see in memory when we hear the song, and which we were now privileged to see again "in person" as it were.

#### AN AFTERNOON ON THE SKY LINE

On one memorable afternoon we renewed our friendship with our hills of home in a most delightful manner. An old boyhood friend and neighbor, Dr. George Larkin, and his wife, took the visiting friends on a sky line drive on which we explored the hill roads, both old and new, picking out the old landmarks on one hand, and noting marked development, on the other—and all the while glimpsing valley vistas of panoramic loveliness below us. We not only explored roads for scenery, but for folks and old associations as well, for, as stated above, these hills were the homes of people whom we knew. When a young man at Newberg, the writer had not only covered the town and countryside for his father's newspaper, but had also helped for some years in the postoffice when his father was postmaster. As a result of this combination, there was scarcely a family within a radius of ten miles that we did not know. With a similar background, George Larkin, who had stayed on during the years, certainly does know the folks, and between us we had one great afternoon, alternately admiring the country, and picking out the hill homes of this and that "old timer" and reminiscing concerning them.

#### THE PAINTER OF THE HILLS

We made one call. In the very heart of the hills, where one farm by three dimensions, we stopped at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Granville Everest, the former belonging to one of the old pioneer families who settled in the valley long before the Quakers came. If hobbies and

avocations make for longevity, Granville should live to be a hundred—and then a hundred more. In the first place, he has long tooted a mean horn, and if there is ever a country or town band within reach in any direction, Granville is in it helping to make the welkin ring. In more recent years he has added the interest of landscape painting. Just as rhymes sometimes tumble tumultuously through the pen of a ready versifier, so do scenes of nature flow freely through Granville's brush upon the canvas. As a result the Everest home in the hills is a veritable museum of paintings by a self-tutored artist. Among the exhibits we had time to see was one which Granville cherishes beyond price. It is a reproduction of Newberg as a village which was held and studied with appreciation by a former President of the United States—his old time friend and playfellow, Herbert Hoover.

#### DEMOCRATS IN THE CONCRETE

Speaking of postmasters, reminds us. While the Woodwards still lived in the country, and the writer was quite a small boy, a new family moved into the community and purchased a farm next to ours. They were not Friends and when we learned they were Democrats we were assured they were indeed of "the world's people." When, however, the head of the new household showed his unmistakable fondness for little boys, and when we "neighbored" with the family, the small lad revised upward his opinion of Democrats in the concrete, however he might still value them in the abstract. The years passed and the boys on the adjoining farm grew to manhood and took their places in the business and civic life of the town. Twice since, has the presence of a Democratic Administration at Washington opened the way for a Democratic postmaster in the rock-ribbed Republican town of Newberg: in the Wilson administration, the coveted appointment went to one of those neighbor farm boys; in the present administration, to his younger brother, George Larkin, former mayor of Newberg, our guide in the hills. Is it any wonder that just naturally we returned from our drive over the hills by way of the old Larkin and Woodward farms?

#### P. M. LARKIN GIVES SERVICE PLUS

Talk about service! We may have had a little extra attention for old time's sake, but listen to this. Some time back three or four New York women were touring the West, and, hunting for some town along their route at which mail could be got easily, picked on Newberg as a forwarding address. They picked well. On a certain Sunday they drove through. The office was closed, of course, but being directed to the home of Postmaster Larkin, they asked if he would go down town and get their mail for them. He would. Not only that: the



hospitable postmaster and wife invited the wayfarers in and served them refreshments, while George descanted on the beauties of Oregon—and perhaps slipped in a word or two on the achievements of the Democratic Administration. To be sure, such an incident does not happen every day, but Postmaster Larkin functions continuously as bureau of information and guide to tourists and inquiring friends, and creates at the Newberg postoffice an atmosphere of true western hospitality. So, next time we hear some cantankerous Republican railing against the baneful politics of Jim Farley's administration of the Postoffice Department we shall promptly cross at least one finger.

#### OLD ACQUAINTANCE NOT FORGOT

It was a favorite pastime while in the old home town this summer to walk up and down the main business street and surprise old acquaintances by hailing them and calling them by name—folks not only in town but from outlying districts. From the many whom we recognized, we surmised that even after an absence of twenty-five years we still know more people in and about Newberg than do some who have continued to live there. There have, of course, been many changes. Very few of the business men and firms remain whom we used to solicit for advertising and printing. Some of the freckle-faced youngsters whom we used to see running around barefooted, kicking up the dust, literally and figuratively, are now leaders there in business and professions. On the other hand a few who were the elders of our day still carry on progressively.

In our calls on the street, the writer stepped into the central telephone office and surprised the manager by introducing himself as Newberg's first "telephone girl." While still a school boy we manipulated the little one pony switchboard which was installed in the town's first telephone office, located, incidentally, on the very site of the present building.

#### HOW THE GRAPHIC CARRIES ON

One call we naturally never fail to make whenever we are back—at the office of the Newberg *Graphic*, owned and edited by the writer's father for more than thirty years. Almost literally, we grew up in that office and did everything in turn from inking the old Washington hand press on press day to writing the editorials and helping shape the paper's policy on various questions which arose. Aside from the service it rendered the community, the *Graphic* supported the family and educated the Woodward children. It is, in the nature of the case, still very close to the hearts of those of us who remain. For this reason—and for others of wider community aspect—it is a great satisfaction to us that under

the able editorial management of Mr. Chester A. Dimond, the paper has not only maintained the high ideals for which it has always stood, in a constructive, independent spirit, but has shown steady development in various respects. Papers are like persons—some have individuality and character while others are time-serving and colorless. In the *Graphic*, Newberg has a paper with personality that is invaluable to the right building of the community life.

#### NEWBERG, SPARE THAT CANYON!

One visits old haunts with mingled emotions. In some cases they have changed or disappeared so that all that remains is the memory of boyhood associations. In others, the past is still seen and relived in the present. The canyon on just the other side of "the bridge" from our house, in which Herbert Hoover used to care for his uncle's horses and the family cow, and in which the writer staged naval combats with homemade gunboats on "the crick," now constitutes a prim and proper little city park, which is all very good right there on the main highway. A little farther up stream, however, at the rear of our family domain and of the Pacific College campus, we roamed with delight, as of yore, the alluring, thickly-wooded canyon, still largely unspoiled by the human propensity to "clear things up." May it long remain so.

#### AS A FRIEND AMONG FRIENDS

We were in Oregon not only as an old home boy returned, but as a Friend, among Friends, in which connection a few associations may be reported. On the very day of our arrival in Newberg occurred the funeral of a concerned and faithful Friend—Milo P. Elliott, in which we were asked to participate. As we said on that occasion, his spirit was as the candle of the Lord. He was a discerning Friend with an appreciation of the wider Quaker outlook and service. We felt a personal appreciation in his long-time service as local representative of THE AMERICAN FRIEND.

During the first week of our visit, the Reed Institute of International Relations was in session at Reed College, Portland, and we were able to be present at a few of the meetings. The capable Director of the Institute was Paul Elliott, son of Milo and Olive Elliott. He and his wife spent last Fall and part of the Winter at Pendle Hill. Among the visiting lecturers was Elbert Russell, who, with his wife Lieuetta Russell, had served similarly on the Faculty of preceding Institutes on the Coast—first at Whittier, and then at Oakland, California. It will be no surprise to our readers to learn that he made what many considered to be the most significant and impressive contribution to the Institute program.

#### A DAY WITH FRIENDS IN PORTLAND

On the insistence of an old friend, S. Lewis Hanson, long an ardent worker in the cause of Peace, and with a supporting invitation from the pastor, Joseph G. Reece, our first Sunday in Oregon was spent with members of the First Friends Church in Portland. At the Sunday School hour we gave a talk on certain aspects of the Peace problem, and spoke at the meeting for worship which followed. A much appreciated part of the worship was a solo sung by the pastor. In the audience were a good many visitors who had come in from the Reed Institute, including several preachers who for the time took it from a layman. Also in the audience, as members of the local meeting, or as residents of the city, were several friends whom we had known in former years, and whom it was a real pleasure to greet again. Following meeting, the visiting Friends and Mother Woodward, together with Joe and Pearl Reece and daughters, were dinner guests in the hospitable home of Lewis and Alice Hanson, who were college mates of the writer in Pacific College.

The next Sunday might be termed "Visiting Friend Sunday" at Newberg. At the morning meeting, at the cordial invitation of the pastor, Carl F. Miller, we spoke in the meeting room in which we had worshipped from boyhood up. In the evening, Elbert Russell, who had spoken at South Salem Meeting in the morning, brought one of his penetrating messages on Pacifism as a Christian fundamental.

One afternoon we drove to the capital city of Salem, where B. C. and Anna Miles kept open house for Friends thereabouts who wished to meet the Russells and the Woodwards. Their son-in-law and daughter, Robert and Lyra Dann, drove over from Oregon State College to be with us. In the group also were the pastor of the South Salem Meeting and wife, Charles and Bertha McCracken Haworth. Among the non-residents whom we hailed with delight was a long-time friend in the person of Dell Coryell of Whittier, California, who was visiting in Salem with her friend Kate Pemberton.

#### "BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD, O TIME"

In the sense that "Faithful are the wounds of a friend," candor compels us to record the presence of another friend on this occasion—albeit a friend whom we had not known before. When we were presented to her she looked hesitant and mystified. "Why", she said, "I expected to see a younger man!" We assured her that we had been younger once upon a time, when she came back with this: "Haven't you a son who was editor of THE AMERICAN FRIEND?" (Smelling salts and quick curtain). And it wasn't so many years ago that on the



appearance of V. F., Friends said they expected to see an *older* man. Such is the obvious wear and tear incident to editing a church paper. However, we are hardly content to let it go at this. On more than one occasion during the summer, friends greeted us with a sigh of relief, finding that we do not really look as ancient as those pictures taken at the Five Years Meeting sessions made us appear. This for the assurance of other concerned friends—if any; and also for the easement of a bruised spirit.

Another very pleasant afternoon was enjoyed when we were guests at a picnic given by the Sunday School of the Newberg Meeting at the park grounds at the locks on the Yamhill river, ten miles from Newberg. This afforded a further opportunity for mingling with many friends. There were, of course, other occasions, also, when in smaller groups rich fellowship with dear friends was deeply appreciated.

#### FOUR MEN IN A CAR

Altogether a red letter day in our Oregon visit, was a day's trip up the Columbia River Highway to inspect the Bonneville Dam under construction. Our party comprised a quartet of provocative personalities, with the result that the trip was fully as spicy as it was informational. Our leader and driver was Dr. Thomas W. Hester, a classmate of the writer's at Pacific, and a classmate and roommate during our Senior year at Earlham. Chief "kidder" in the group was Postmaster George Larkin, while the chief *raconteur* was that prince of story tellers, President Levi T. Pennington. On this occasion, however, he had his work cut out for him to maintain his laurels. It was some job to "get the floor," and a bigger job still to keep it. He had to tell one story in about four installments. It was one hilarious time.

But to get to Bonneville Power Dam. The engineer responsible for the construction of the big spillway is an old Newberg, Quaker-bred boy, Roy Clark, whom we remembered well for his freckles, his red hair and his reticence. He is a nephew of Dell Hester, wife of Dr. Tom, and the latter had arranged for him to show us over the Dam.

#### CONQUERING THE MIGHTY COLUMBIA

Construction of this Dam involved some peculiarly difficult engineering problems, which Roy explained to us. We were told, though not by him, that eastern engineers were shy at encountering them, not being well acquainted with the technique required to conquer the river currents of the Columbia. Already to his credit Roy had the bridge across the Columbia, a few miles up the river, so now came his big chance. Larger dams than the Bonneville have been built, but never before has so large a volume of water, with so mighty a current, been

involved. The big and all but baffling task was to build coffer dams that would hold against the terrific force of the torrent of water beating against them.

With the first coffer dam finally secure, shunting off to one side the foiled flood, another difficult problem was presented. Some time in ages past the good part of a mountain on the Washington side of the Columbia slid off into the river at this point, forming the raging rapids, and also contributing to the rich Indian lore and tradition associated with the Columbia. It was the task of geologists and engineers to chart the course and determine the depth of the slide, for they must go beneath it, sometimes two hundred feet, to establish the massive piers of the Dam in the original bed rock.

Half the eleven hundred foot spillway is in with the released waters pouring through the high concrete piers located fifty feet apart. Work was in progress on another coffer dam on the Washington side, where a gigantic derrick machine was scooping out the river bed at the rate of twenty tons per dredge bucket-load. With all the use made of the most modern machinery, much man power is still needed. With two years yet to go, it will require three thousand men working four years to construct this power-producing project.

#### LO, THE POOR FISH!

Another problem was very much to the fore, in connection with this Dam, while we were in Oregon. It related to the welfare and prosperity of the Columbia river salmon, which royal fish represents annually a ten million dollar industry. Plans for the Dam as completed would seem to make adequate provision for allowing the salmon to make their way up the river in season to spawn. Side canals, runways, aqueducts, ramps, or what have you, have been contrived, that the fish may have no excuse for failing to "make the grade." As one pert paragraph put it, the signs are plain: elevator straight ahead—stairway to the right. We even saw some indication of the installation of electric lights to light the salmon on their upward and onward way above the barrier!

But it is the *ad interim* situation which alarms the friends of the fish. While construction is on, no temporary provision, they claim, has been made for the salmon which are unable to fight their way up through the torrential current pouring between the piers of the spillway. It was stoutly maintained, on the other hand, that it was a reflection on the royal Chinook to suggest that he does not have sufficient driving power to see him through. And nobody but the poor fish knows who is right!

#### BAKED SALMON FOR FOUR, PLEASE

This reference to salmon tempts us to release a little story, made brave as we

are by the twenty-five hundred miles that now separate us from those involved. There is hardly anything more toothsome than a big salmon freshly taken from its western waters. Four years ago, the *piece de resistance* of our first dinner in Oregon was a baked salmon, and how we did relish it! As we drove westward this time, our gustatory anticipation increased in proportion as we neared the Oregon shore. Again invited out to our first dinner, we found—roast lamb. It was good lamb, too, and we liked it. Our second dinner came, elsewhere, and we had roast lamb—and it was good. Soon, thereafter, came two dinner invitations, whereon we speculated within the bosom of the family which one would bring baked salmon; neither, as it proved, but we had roast lamb, still quite good. (By this time our family discipline was perfected so that under-table signals were not required to admonish us to keep the peace.) We finally departed the home coasts *sans* baked salmon, but when we had our first dinner out with relatives in southerly California, would you believe it, we had—leg of lamb! And it was pretty good at that! By now we were all but bleating—and what of the poor lambs on the western sheep range? Just one familiar and poignant chorus still rings in our inner ears: "Listen to the lambs—listen to the lambs—crying, crying." Selah!

#### THE COLUMBIA HIGHWAY FOREVER!

A visit to Oregon is never complete without spending a day or two on the Columbia River Highway. This time, as last, our closing celebration consisted of a family and friendly picnic party on this far-famed river boulevard of the Cascades. As usual, we stopped first at the western entrance where, at the Crown Point observation house, a lordly panorama of mountains and river and plains entrances the beholder. We always visit Crown Point with a personal anticipation, also, because, for many years, one of those in charge is an old schoolmate, who lived just across the road from the old district school which we country children attended. She is Blanche Propst Dimmitt, whose grandfather, Quincy Hoskins, was a former Friends minister in our settlement. Here she was again, greeting us cordially as ever.

Perhaps in no equal compass anywhere, can be found such an impressive combination of scenic beauty as on this Highway: majestic mountains, noble river, leaping waterfalls—one after another in quick succession—all compel one's exclamatory admiration. The more one sees of it, the more he wants to see. This is distinctive Oregon at its best—the country God remembered.

W. C. W.



# Iowa Yearly Meeting

By Elizabeth Smith

THOSE of us who attended the 74th annual assembly of Iowa Yearly Meeting held at Oskaloosa, Iowa, August 24-30, felt that God's Spirit was with us in a marvelous way.

Although the weather was unusually hot and most of our members live in the area stricken by drouth and grasshoppers, the attendance at the sessions was larger than in recent years. Fifteen families made use of the opportunity to tent on the old college campus, while the women's residence building of Wm. Penn College seemed to be more crowded than usual. The ladies of College Avenue Friends Church very efficiently served meals to large crowds in the basement of the church.

A good atmosphere for the following sessions was created by the meeting on Ministry and Oversight held Monday evening, during which a stirring message on Quakerism was given.

The efficiency of Percy M. Thomas as Presiding Clerk, Cora M. Mattison as Recording Clerk, J. Paul Hadley as Announcing Clerk, and of C. V. Stanley as Treasurer, led to their reappointment to these offices, while H. Millard Jones was appointed Reading Clerk in place of L. Willard Reynolds who has left Iowa Yearly Meeting to take up work at Poplar Ridge, New York. The reappointment of Richard R. Newby as General Superintendent shows that his services are appreciated. More of his time this year is to be spent in visiting and helping local meetings as the need may arise.

A large group of prominent Friends were welcomed to our sessions and participated in the services. Among them were Frank Davies and wife of Wichita, and L. Herbert Reynolds, of Argonia, Kansas, W. Bruce and Hannah Hadley of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, Mabel Ridpath of the American Friends Service Committee, Jeanette Hadley of New York, Leslie D. Shaffer, Executive Secretary of the Friends World Conference Committee, Concha Castoneda of Cuba, Dr. B. F. Andrews of Chicago, Dr. E. H. and Irene Stranahan of Wichita, Kansas, Anna Newby of Whittier, California, a sister of R. R. Newby, and Frank W. Dell and wife formerly of Whittier, California, now of Oskaloosa, Iowa.

The themes used by Frank W. Dell, former Superintendent of California Yearly Meeting, in his messages on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings were: Personal Religion, Home Religion, Local Church and Community Religion, and Religion of the Five Years Meeting. On Saturday evening his evangelistic message, "God's Voice in the

Waters," was accompanied by motion pictures of Yosemite Falls, Horseshoe Falls, and Niagara Falls. His final message was given on Sunday morning, when he spoke on the subject, "Called Saints." His messages were clear and appealing, and stirred the hearts of the listeners.

Reports of the various departments of work showed that our committees have faithfully discharged their duties.

The Committee on Prohibition and Public Morals presented the following resolution which was adopted: "The Society of Friends stands unalterably opposed to the sale of beer and other intoxicating liquors, and we favor the most drastic laws to prevent their sale." A committee on legislation was appointed. An enthusiastic address urging education and use of the ballot to eradicate the liquor traffic was given by Carl D. Byrd. Following his speech, Erma Guthrie gave a temperance demonstration showing the physiological effects of the use of alcohol.

The subject of war and our attitude toward it was brought to our minds in a very vital way. More careful instruction in our Quarterly and local meetings, regarding peace and other Friends' principles, was urged. W. Bruce Hadley, Secretary of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, explained in a very definite way the work of the American Friends Service Committee in his address, "Exploration Parties into All Our World." Mabel Ridpath told something of conditions of Friends in Germany and related incidents of the work with people of all nationalities in the Friends Center in Geneva, Switzerland, where she has been working for the past seven years.

Miss Mary Hill, a representative of the Emergency Peace Campaign started in April, reviewed some of the work being done by the E. P. C. in the interests of world cooperation, world disarmament and understanding, and the education for peace.

In the report of the Committee on Religious Education, the fact that the Quarterlies prepared by E. H. Stranahan and edited by the Committee on Religious Education would need no appropriation this year was indicative of the

fact that they are meeting a long-felt need. Jeanette Hadley, Interdenominational Director of Religious Education in New York, told of the need of prepared leaders and methods of procuring them.

The Women's Missionary Union plans to stress Quarterly Meeting and sectional missionary conferences this year. Their officers for this year are the same as last year.

During the Missionary program, Concha Castoneda, a native of Cuba, who was graduated in June from Earlham College, related some of the work done in her homeland by the Friends, who first began work in Cuba 34 years ago. Some of the problems of the Mission Board were discussed by Bessie F. Collins, a member of the Board. Bessie Franc Brown, at one time a missionary to China, now a pastor in Iowa Yearly Meeting discussed "The Part of Women in Missionary Work."

Reports of the Five Years Meeting sessions given by Cora M. Mattison, H. Millard Jones, and R. R. Newby, together with the pictures shown by Frank W. Dell, gave us a graphic picture of the Five Years Meeting.

The College reports given by President H. Randolph Pyle and by the Business Manager, C. L. Haworth, were followed by brief addresses given by representatives of the Student Body, the Alumni, and the Yearly Meeting on "My Ideal for Penn." Dr. Pyle and Dr. Wm. E. Berry are going to Earlham College as heads of the departments of mathematics and religion. Appreciation for their services here, and regret for their leaving were voiced. The solos rendered by Robert Taylor, head of the music department of the College, were a real contribution to the services. Luther McCracken was elected chairman of the Board of Trustees of Wm. Penn College. Dr. Floyd Perisho has been appointed Dean of the College.

Leslie D. Shaffer explained the needs and objectives of the World Conference of Friends to be held in 1937. He also had charge of one of the devotional periods, at which time he admonished us to listen to the voices of the soul, and to accept the new responsibilities which come with new visions.

The Finance Committee of the Yearly Meeting was charged with the stewardship of material things. The Y. M. Budget was set at \$3,140, which is about \$600 more than was raised last year.

Recommendations were made that plans be formulated for the celebration of the 75th anniversary of the founding of Iowa Yearly Meeting which will take place in 1938. The same year will be the 100th anniversary of the first Monthly Meeting in Iowa, which was held at Salem.

The Young People's Group had one

## LIKE UNTO

Softly as summer breeze shifting,  
Lightly as thistle-down drifting,  
Gently as sunlight descending—

So is Love its dominion extending.

ALBERT W. MACY.

Pasadena, California.



session with Mabel Ridpath in which she discussed with them "The Problems of European Quakerism and How Young Friends in America Might Help in These Problems." Concerns of Young Friends were presented to the Yearly Meeting by Paul Alberry.

Children's meetings, with an average attendance of twenty-two, were conducted daily except Saturday, under the leadership of Lucille Thomas. Vera Williams very efficiently assisted with the music. The theme for the week was, "Learning to Live for Christ—in Home, in Church, in School, and in the World." The two-hour period was divided into four parts, a worship period, a recreation period, a sermon or object lesson period, and a creative period. Fleda Hadley, Bessie Franc Brown, Carl Byrd, and Blanche Conover brought lessons to the group.

An impressive memorial service was held on Friday morning for Pliny Fry, Darius Cook, and John Nelson, ministers of the gospel and for Emma Newby, an elder and the wife of Richard R. Newby. Many bore testimony to the inspiration and helpful influence of these faithful servants of God, and we were urged to carry on the work in their places.

An expression of regret was voiced because the following pastors are leaving Iowa Yearly Meeting: Moses Mendenhall goes to California, Frederic Carter to Western Yearly Meeting as Superintendent and L. Willard Reynolds to New York Yearly Meeting.

We welcomed into the Yearly Meeting Frank W. Dell of California Yearly Meeting, who will be pastor of College Avenue Church in Oskaloosa, and Lauren Phinney of Nebraska Yearly Meeting, who will be pastor of Pleasant Plain Friends Meeting.

The meetings for worship at 8 a. m. each morning were times of refreshing and heart-searching. On Wednesday morning Herbert Reynolds spoke from Habakkuk 3:17-18 and on Sunday afternoon his subject was "Christian Imperatives." These messages gripped the hearts of those who heard them.

Frank Davies, Superintendent of Kansas Yearly Meeting, contributed much to the sessions of the Yearly Meeting. The duet by Mr. and Mrs. Davies, his assistance in other vocal music, and his worshipful rendition of instrumental music were all of great value in the worship services, while his messages on "Quaker Evangelism" and "How to Interest and Challenge Young People" were clear and appealing.

We returned to our homes with the feeling that God had been very near to us, and with the challenge to be our best for Him and to strengthen the home base.

## OHIO YEARLY MEETING IN ANNUAL SESSION

BY RALPH S. COPPOCK

Ohio Yearly Meeting convened in the sessions of 1936 at Damascus, Ohio, August 25 to 30 inclusive.

Those who came from drouth-stricken sections, and that included the major part of the gathering, found the local area well favored. Copious showers fell often during the week, with appreciation usually accorded the sunshine, while the thermometer was kind enough to suggest the need of topcoats. The showers we often sing about were not absent, for the repeated expressions of evident blessing revealed the helpfulness bestowed by the ministering presence of the Holy Spirit.

The meeting assembled, keenly conscious of human frailty, but closed with the glow of triumph that follows the dispersion of dark clouds of grave apprehension. In missionary work, so long outstanding in the endeavors of the Yearly Meeting, circumstances prevailed that found seven missionaries and some native workers lost to the stations in India and China during the year. The report of Walter R. Williams, who as Superintendent of the two fields made an extended study abroad, was of climactic interest. His frank yet sympathetic dealing with the problems involved seemed to provide a basis for full understanding and a way for the future progress of this work.

Everett and Catherine Cattell, with their two children David and Barbara Ann, left at the close of the week to go to India, via New York, where at some time in the future he is expected to assume leadership in the field where Esther Baird, now advanced in age, has labored so faithfully for over forty years. Freda Girsberger and Roberta Naylor, home on furlough from China, were privileged to take an appreciated part in the missionary services. Carrie Wood, home from India, was unable to be present.

Virginia Peelle, President of the Women's Missionary Union of Friends in America, Faith Austin Terrell, member of the American Friends Board of Missions, and Wendell G. Farr, Clerk of Wilmington Yearly Meeting, all of Wilmington, were welcome visitors at the two missionary sessions of the meeting.

Until this year, epistles from other Yearly Meetings were read in full at the beginning of different sessions. As an innovation a digest of epistles was presented with the result that in the place of a more or less passive indifference there arose a delightful interest in this form of correspondence as the salient features and general trends of

thought were presented by Everett Cattell of the Epistle Committee.

The regular program provided addresses by: Rev. F. W. Wilkinson, of Cleveland, a representative of the Anti-Saloon League, who called for the enthusiasm of consecrated men and women in a new crusade against alcohol along the lines of the fight of former years; Eber S. Hobson, of Shawnee Quarterly Meeting in Kansas Yearly Meeting, who urged assistance in bringing Christian environment and opportunities to the American Indian; S. Hurley Cross, pastor of Second Friends, Cleveland, recently returned from a world tour, who made vivid word pictures of the circumstances attendant upon incidents in the life of Christ, in the address of the Bible School hour; Rev. F. W. Fyock, of the Church of the Brethren, Alliance, who spoke in the interests of peace, saying nations cannot continue to endure on a basis of hate and force; Perry Hayden, a layman of Tecumseh, Michigan, who conducted a symposium on stewardship in the nature of testimonials to the valuable results of tithing; William Kirby, of Huntington Park, California, who brought two vital messages from the book of Ephesians in the Expository Hour; and Walter R. Williams, of First Friends Cleveland, who concluded the expository discourses with an address on the subject, "The Might of Gideon." Byron L. Osborn, of Cleveland Bible Institute, gave the opening sermon, using Romans, 1:16 as the basis for an inspiring message.

Among the officers appointed were: Ralph S. Coppock, Presiding Clerk; Edward Escolme, Recording Clerk; Byron L. Osborn, Reading Clerk; Kenneth Carey, Announcing Clerk. Claude A. Roane continues in his former capacity as General Superintendent of Evangelistic and Pastoral work and President and Field Secretary of the Foreign Missionary Board. S. Harlan Mosher, as President of the Christian Endeavor Union, provides excellent leadership for the large proportion of young people continuing to find a valued place in the Yearly Meeting.

There was also noted the much appreciated presence of Ida G. Lee, a minister of Oregon Yearly Meeting; Benjamin F. Whitson, a minister and Jennie Whitson his wife, of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting; Robert and Elizabeth Earle, also J. A. and Susie Sproul, of Indiana Yearly Meeting. Robert Pelt and John Butler, former members and Ministers were welcomed.

After a number of years of incapacity, J. Walter Malone was called to his reward during the past year. A memorial revived memories of the days when his vivacious personality and contagious optimism found a large place in the annual gathering. J. Walter Malone



founded Cleveland Bible Institute whose new President, Worthy A. Spring, successor to Dr. C. W. Butler, reported excellent prospects for the approaching school year.

Joseph Speas, of Cleveland, and Charles Coleman, of Detroit were recorded ministers. A special service of dedication for the newly recorded ministers and missionaries under their first appointment was conducted by Claude A. Roane following a sermon on the theme, "The Voice."

A net gain of four monthly meetings did not suffice to erase a slight net loss in membership. A marked general increase in financial support, a well defined extension effort, and a rising revival spirit are tokens of advance that are encouraging.

## DUBLIN BENEFITS FROM THE WIDER OUTLOOK

Dublin, Indiana, Monthly Meeting feels greatly enriched by the conferences and institutes attended by our pastor and his wife, Frank and Lucile Guyatt. They returned to us from the Midwest Institute of International Relations and shared, in visitation and group conferences, the meaning and messages of the work being done by the American Friends Service Committee. The world outlook, as presented, has challenged us anew to our community responsibility as a meeting, insomuch that we have already made plans, through our Quarterly Meeting Peace Superintendent, to hold an all day meeting in Dublin, sponsored by the Emergency Peace Campaign. Our pastor has been asked to address many organizations, in the community and outside, on the Peace issue. Our meeting has tried to be community and world-wide conscious, and we endeavor to lead in all the worth while enterprises. This spirit of community leadership has borne much fruit in an attitude of confidence in the meeting. This has been noticeable in the attendance of so many, especially men and young people, at the meeting for worship.

Another new inspiration in Quakerism came to us as our pastor and his wife gave us the results of the conference attended at Pendle Hill. They shared with us the expressions of Friends on, "What is an ideal Friends Meeting?" The earnest seeking for an answer has given to us new thoughts about the work our meeting must consider in connection with the 30 new members who affiliated with us this year. It brought about a concern that although we rejoice in a spirit of unity, we are concerned over the apparent hesitancy on the part of our members to take part in the meeting for worship. There is a tendency to come to Meeting, "expecting" rather than being "participating" members.

## INSTITUTE LEADERS IN CONFERENCE

### International Institutes Under A. F. S. C. Are Considered in Review and Prospect

Pendle Hill, increasingly renowned as a center of Quaker study, was a most happy choice for the recent conference of the representatives of various Institutes of International Relations conducted in America the past five years under the auspices of the American Friends Service Committee and the Congregational Council for Social Action.

Following brief informal introductions, the opening session got under way on Tuesday evening, September 1, with E. Raymond Wilson, Associate Secretary of the Peace Section, presiding. Ray Newton, who has consistently promoted the institute program from a struggling infancy, continued with an outline of the history and purpose of Institutes as a background to later discussions. On the whole a general and most gratifying picture was visualized in the reports from the ten Institutes personally presented by their individual directors and executive secretaries.

On Wednesday morning Harold Chance and Elmore Jackson related the activities of the Emergency Peace Volunteers and Volunteer Work Camps and their general relationship to the entire peace movement. In the summaries of the ten Institutes which followed, some most interesting data were revealed. The Duke Institute led in registration with a total of 301, had the most even ratio of men to women and a greater number of Friends in attendance than any of the other nine. Nashville, a beginning organization, was the smallest from the standpoint of actual registrations, totaling only 50. However, at evening lectures its attendance at times exceeded 1200. With the exception of the small registration at Swarthmore, the remaining seven Institutes were most comparable from the standpoint of statistics. A total of 1426 registered at the ten Institutes, 292 of whom were Methodists, 200 Friends, 171 Congregationalists, 118 Presbyterians, and 78 Mennonites, with a large number unclassified. The relative ratio of Friends to other denominations provoked much concern and no little discussion on the part of the various secretaries. Should not the peace testimony of Friends and the promotion of World understanding assume a more vital and aggressive role?

In reviewing the statistics on occupations for the series of Institutes, it was most heartening to find students leading with an enrollment of 384, teachers

second with 373, and ministers numbering 193. In extending a program of peace education the value of embracing and challenging these groups cannot be too strongly emphasized.

Financially, with few exceptions, the Institute program closed in a solvent condition.

On Thursday the programming, faculty, literature, promotion, publicity, and co-operation with other organizations, were thoroughly discussed. The exchange of ideas and sharing of mutual problems during this session was most stimulating. It is around these items that the success or failure of Institutes hinges and hence their respective importance. Let it be said, with the redoubtable and mirth provoking Tom Sykes at one end of the library, and the methodical Guy Solt at the other, there were few dull moments at any time. The hard crusts of reality were frequently broken by their pungent and witty outbursts.

Organization and finance received major emphases during the afternoon and evening deliberations.

Throughout Friday a critical appraisal was made of individual faculty members who have served the Institutes at some time in the past, their lectures and viewpoints evaluated, their availability, as well as desirability, considered in relation to future institutes, and a tentative lineup considered for 1937. The request for new authority on the constantly changing World situation was expressed by every institute secretary. Several clamored for more outstanding women on their programs, which in all fairness, heretofore have been exceedingly difficult to secure. In summary it may be stated that faculties of high standing recruited from the world at large and proficient in every phase of the international situation are assured for next year.

The conference closed in unity and love one toward another on Friday evening, looking to the future with a prayer for vision and direction in the establishment of a brotherhood of peace and understanding among the nations of the earth.

Those present for either all or a part of the sessions were: Dr. Warder C. Allee, of 57th St. Meeting of Friends, and cofounder of the Mid-West Institute; Mr. E. M. Best, Alfred H. Cope, E. L. Harshbarger, Mrs. Clyde Henley, Harold Chance, Joseph Conard, Alice Conard, Willis Hall, Miss Eleanor Davis, Elmore Jackson, Beth Jackson, Katharine Coles, Clarence E. and Lilly P. Pickett, George Selleck, Tom A. Sykes, Louise A. Stinefort, E. Raymond and Miriam D. Wilson, Ray and Babette Newton, Mr. Johnson, Mrs. H. N. Simmon, Henry Coles, Alfred Schmalz, Alva W. Taylor, Richard and Nancy Wood, Guy W. Solt, Hugh W. Moore, Leslie Shaffer.

BRUCE SILER.



## THE STORY OF A MAN WHO MADE AN OASIS

BY WILLIAM C. ALEXANDER

Ofttimes there is great wealth in the lands which we call desert if we but knew how to make that wealth serve our need and purposes. And often, too, there are places which springs of water make to blossom into both beauty and usefulness.

The genealogical tables of the early chapters of Chronicles are as a desert in which the wealth is hidden, and only the genii among us are able to discover and appropriate it to our use, or enjoyment. But in the fourth chapter, verses nine and ten, we find an oasis: "And Jabez was more honorable than his brethren; and his mother called his name Jabez saying, 'Because I bare him with sorrow.' And Jabez called on the God of Israel saying, 'Oh that Thou wouldst bless me indeed and enlarge my coast and that Thine hand might be with me, and that Thou wouldst keep me from evil that it might not be my sorrow.' And God granted him that he requested."

There was something unusual about this man Jabez. He was out of the ordinary. While numbers of people only merited being named that the record of descent be not broken, Jabez so stood out, "being more honorable," that the Holy Spirit moved the author of Chronicles to preserve some important facts with reference to his life.

In the first place he was a man with a handicap. Just what it was we cannot with accuracy determine. There have been many conjectures but none can be proven. But still in that day names had real significance. This man for some reason was labeled, "he bringeth sorrow," and bore that awful appellation throughout his life. Some people guess that he was mis-formed and ill-shapen, some that he was born to extreme poverty. Some make other guesses. But at any event here was a fellow with a handicap to overcome. Many a man would have folded up and lived a whining, begging, existence, pleading his handicap as a justification for his not bearing his just share of the work of the world. But not so, Jabez. He went to the source of a supply of his lack. He called on God and asked a blessing, making it emphatic that he was earnest in his request. It was not that he asked to be delivered from the handicap, but that he might be blessed, and then that his coast might be enlarged. He realized that ordinary channels of usefulness were closed to him. He realized his limitations and frailty but he also realized God's power and goodness, and so he plead for a sphere in which he might work.

Again, Jabez asked that God would be with him. How many folks there are who would not offer this prayer in sincerity? It might cause them no end of humiliation and shame to have a Holy God in the places and causes that they

embrace. But this man was zealous for God's presence with him.

He asked also to be kept from evil. Truly a prayer all should offer, but one that many would leave out. They would seem to pray, "Let me go where evil is, let me enjoy it, but do not let me be devoured. Let me partake of evil but keep the stench from my breath, the blear from my eyes and the foulness from my garments. Let me sin but let me sin respectably." But Jabez prayed, "Keep me away from sin. If evil is in this direction, let me go in that as rapidly as possible. Do not allow me to become entangled with evil."

Then we might consider God's answer. It was in the affirmative. God granted Jabez what he requested. He is ever ready, indeed zealous, to answer sincere prayer like that. When Jabez asked, God gave. When anyone comes in the true spirit of prayer, as this man did, God always gives that which is desired. God does answer prayer that is asked aright. And he answers it, "Yes!"

Jabez, an Oasis in the desert. His mother said, "He bringeth sorrow." His God said, "He is more honorable than his brethren. I will give him what he asks. I will leave him as an example to the generations yet to come."

Sinks Grove, W. Va.

## REFLECTIONS ON A NEW ENGLAND SEASHORE

Having absorbed much of the wonderful spirit which permeated the meetings for worship among the good Friends of New England, (at the time of their Yearly Meeting sessions) I went to sit alone on the seashore.

For an hour I watched the great rollers come in from across the Atlantic, only to break on the shore, clapping their hands, and return once more to the mighty deep.

How like humanity in its long roll of the ages! Made up of the little ripples, and full, sweeping waves of thought, the tiny individuals and the great migrations—rolling on, only to break on the sands of time and again become a portion of the glorious ocean of eternity.

My life then, is this small moment of eternity. I come in on some "great roller," breaking on the shore among the other whitecaps, joining hands with them in beauty and usefully reflecting His brightness or—simply washing through with a dull swish on the sands of life.

What than am I doing, as I roll in on life's sea,

To beautify my whitecaps, as my Father watches me?

Will I reflect His sunshine?

Will my soul with His love glow?  
Until I break and vanish in His  
ocean's undertow?

WALTER HASTINGS.

Muncie, Indiana.

## THE CROSS AS THE MEASURE OF THE WORLD

BY THE RT. REV. ROBERT J. RENISON

When I was a boy, the Cross was a purely theological word. The preachers of the Victorian age pointed to the scarlet thread which ran through the Old Testament as the only type and illustration of Calvary in human life, and the legal theory of the Atonement seemed to shut out the mystic flame which is the heart of Christianity from the experience and thought of the average man.

As I went out into the world, the years taught me that certain elements of the Cross were found everywhere, like gold in the ore of common existence—sacrifice, suffering and service.

There is a fine phrase of Newman's in which he speaks of the Cross as the Measure of the World. Readers of Cynwulf's great poem of Christ will remember how on Judgment Day the Cross dominates the scene with mingled streams of fire and blood. Equally dominant is the Cross in Dante's "Paradiso." The idea of the Cross as standard has become domesticated in Gothic Architecture.

The Cross is a Rule that measures human life in four directions—East and West and up and down. It measured the East. The Holy Land in its supercilious fashion imagined that it had catalogued Jesus. How little did the Jew imagine that it was taking the measure of his nation! How far is Athens from Jerusalem? The Western culture fell before it. All faiths must sooner or later come to this measuring place, and have their values tested at Calvary.

Further, the Cross is the measure not only of religion but of all departments of our life. It tears off the wrappings of local prejudice. It measures all our politics and all our national ideals.

The Cross stretches its grim measuring line downwards, searching the deep places of life's tragedy and misery. It measures the world's pain with intimate understanding. The Cross proclaims suffering to be a redeeming thing.

Deeper still searches the Cross into the sin and folly of the ages. Sin has been esteemed a light thing. The music of the Venusberg has always tried to drown the Pilgrims' March. All moral confusion is here answered. Christ died for the difference between right and wrong.

When we look upon the Cross we see the one power in the universe able to look with open eyes on the worst and still believe in the best. It is the measure of God's ability to deal with life.

Religion is the interpretation both of the eternal and of the spirit loyalty through emotion, and through a fitting activity of the imagination.—JOSIAH ROYCE



## FRIENDS CONFERENCE AT MILLS COLLEGE

The fifth annual conference of the Pacific Coast Association of Friends took place at Mills College on the 14th, 15th and 16th of Eighth Month. This conference, it was generally agreed, surpassed previous ones in number of attenders, quality of discussion and spiritual power. These Pacific Coast Friends who five years ago knew little of each other had acquired a group consciousness and had learned how to work together. All Friends of all branches and persons of Friendly ideals are invited to this conference. Those who come tend to have in common an interest in the work of the A. F. S. C. and the three International Institutes it sponsors on the Coast, and a desire to further the original Quaker testimonies regarding peace and worship. The long distances traversed by some of those who attended indicate the genuine interest manifested. Three auto loads came from 500 miles to the south and three more auto loads from 700 miles to the north.

At the opening session, with Howard Brinton and Mary Wildman at the Clerks' desk, reports were received from the Willamette Valley Friends Association in Oregon, the independent meetings at Berkeley, Palo Alto, San Jose, Riverside and Honolulu, the Whittier Friends Church and two meetings at Pasadena, one belonging to the Ohio Conservative body and the other to the General Conference. Herbert Nicholson gave a graphic account of Friends in Japan, who are also "Pacific Coast Friends."

At the evening session a discussion on "The Quaker Theory of Worship" was inaugurated by two able addresses by Augustus Murray and Howard Fawcett.

At the morning session on Seventh Day the conference discussed "Problems of Present Day Quakerism." Howard Brinton reported on the work of the Fellowship Council and the plans for a "Wider Quaker Fellowship." This aroused some discussion. Herschel Coffin reported on the Whittier Institute of International Relations, Anna Brinton on the Mills College Institute and Paul Elliott on the Reed College Institute. Plans for the World Conference were outlined and means taken to raise the Association's financial quota. It was decided to continue the *Friends Bulletin* and publish more than one issue a year if funds permitted. William Lawrence, Robert Starkey and John Dorland were appointed as an editorial board. The need for literature which would briefly express the ideals of the Society of Friends to strangers were emphasized in the discussion.

The afternoon session was devoted to the "Social Testimonies of Friends." Three young men, members of a team of

the volunteers of the Emergency Peace Campaign, gave an interesting description of their work and experiences. Two Quaker sociologists, Sceva Laughlin and Robert Dann, then spoke, the first on the relation between religion and worldly prosperity, the second on the manner in which Friends' testimonies have developed. In the general discussion which followed, Paul Elliott spoke on Consumers' Cooperatives and Frederick Anderson on the moral equivalent for war. During tea at the Brinton home, Lyra Dann's committee gave a resume of the epistles received during the past year. Following a picnic supper at the College Hearth, the Brinton children gave a play and Howard Brinton lectured on his journey to China and Japan, from which he had just returned.

First Day sessions were held at the Berkeley Meetinghouse. At a business session at which the Treasurer, William James, and the epistle and other committees reported Robert Dann was appointed Clerk for the next year and Mary Wildman Assistant Clerk. Minutes were issued to departing Friends. The eleven o'clock meeting for worship was a time of spiritual awakening. The final session in the afternoon was closed by an address by Elton Trueblood, who prefaced his talk by inviting questions on various Quaker problems.

H. H. B.

## WILLARD O. TRUEBLOOD — VISITING FRIEND

In the preceding issue of THE AMERICAN FRIEND was a clear and comprehensive presentation of the National Preaching Mission. Every Friend would do well to read this and understand this united evangelical effort of the Christian denominations. The Promotion Committee of the Five Years Meeting, in full co-

## DROUGHT

Parched winds blowing—  
The dry earth sadly shakes her head  
As though all hope of green things  
growing  
Were long since dead.

Hot sun Beating—  
(Till grain but lays its head in dust)  
Relentless, all man's plans defeating,  
Nor seems it just.

Men's hearts throbbing—  
Each day is filled with kindly deeds  
And little know life's stress is robbing,  
Nor see their need.

Men's souls dying—  
Seared, withered with eternal drought:  
No spiritual show'rs their need supplying  
And know it not!

ALICE TOLLEFSON HARTNETT.  
Muscatine, Iowa.

operation with this movement, is seeking to make it effective among Friends by two principal means.

In the first place the Committee is encouraging local meetings to see that they are represented in the nearest of the four-day conferences. By this means each will find the impact of these occasions and will discover ways of cooperating in the follow-up preaching missions. In the second place the Promotion Committee is bringing Willard O. Trueblood to our meetings of the Five Years Meeting for visitation among Friends as extensively as time will allow. It is hoped that he may be able to give an entire year to this service. He is entering this project with keen interest in a gospel ministry for Friends as related to the present day.

He will attend the Preaching Mission in Indianapolis during the last week of September and then will begin visitation among the meetings of Indiana Yearly Meeting, continuing through October. It is likely that his services in the general area of Indiana will extend beyond the holidays.

He is doing this work at considerable sacrifice through a deep concern for Friends and their dynamic in the spiritual reconstruction of men and their relationships. His is the same general concern which motivates the Preaching Mission and consequently he comes to us as "Friendly Evangelist-at-Large" during a time when we are seeking to rekindle the altar fires of the Kingdom of God among men.

On leaving Whittier, the Whittier Council of Churches tendered to him the following high tribute in recognition of his years of effective service there:

"The members of the Governing Body of the Whittier Council of Churches at the quarterly meeting on July 23rd voted unanimously to instruct me to convey to you an expression of the sincere regret of all in the fact of your retiring as pastor of the First Friends Church, and of the cordial best wishes of each one present for you and Mrs. Trueblood in all your plans and future relations.

"Especially do we desire to record our deep appreciation of all that you have contributed to the advancement of the Council of Churches. Indeed, we realize that it is in large part because of your faith and initiative that we have in our city such an organization with all that it means of Christian understanding and co-operation.

"For your efficient administration as president, for your wise counsels, for your broad vision, for your fine example and influence, we feel a sense of indebtedness. We thank God for your gracious and inspiring personality and pray for His choicest benediction upon your life. We assure Mrs. Trueblood that she has a large share in this high esteem."



## OUR FRIENDLY FORUM

What readers are thinking  
on topics of timely interest

### FINDS QUAKERS ARE WELCOME

Editor, THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

The name Friend—or "Quaker," by which we are better known in many parts on the world carries an authority and inspires in foreign lands an almost unbelievable respect.

My family of four, including self, have just completed a three weeks trip through Korea, through Manchou-cho, the puppet state carved by Japan from the heart of China, and through China proper. Where possible we stayed in the mission homes and always found a welcome awaiting us with a Christian spirit of fellowship that makes us loath to leave.

We broke our forty hours train ride from Peiping to Shanghai by stopping off at Nanking for a Sunday's rest. While there we called at the Friends Mission. It was a great disappointment to find that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matti were away on vacation but the Chinese pastor of the church there was very gracious to us, and the charming little Chinese teacher, who was in charge of the mission while the Mattis are away, showed us over the mission and in very splendid English explained the work to us.

Since the hospital at Nanking burned, the work there has been handicapped by the lack of sufficient buildings. One wonders how they can teach one hundred children in the small buildings provided for the school.

Last evening we established ourselves in the Mission Home in Shanghai, awaiting the sailing of our boat for India. The management of this house is very careful in admitting others than missionaries as guests, making it very plain to all who apply that the rules will not allow cards, drinking or other practices so common among Americans in foreign lands.

After listening for some minutes to these points being stressed, I replied, "No, we are not missionaries, we are teachers and members of the Friends Church." Without another question the manager said, "If you are Quakers, you are welcome. Bring your family right in."

We have a heritage worth more than silver or gold. The principles of our church, bought by the blood of our forefathers and handed down to us untainted by the sins and follies of this world, certainly challenge the best in us. We must not, we dare not lower the standards of Christian living set for us by our leaders of the past.

The name "Quaker" is a watchword that admits us to the best of Christian circles anywhere on earth and challenges our strength and faith to keep it clean and pure for future generations.

HOWARD A. COPPOCK.

(A Berkeley, California, Friend)

Shanghai, China.

July 22, 1936.



### PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE

Editor, THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

The writer knows a certain man who is married and sincerely loves his wife. But this man is a victim of the drink habit and, when under the influence of liquor, love sometimes departs and cruelty enters in. Not long ago, he was mistreating his wife on the street after dark. A plain clothes man came along and the man was put in the city jail to reflect, perhaps, on the iniquity of the liquor habit.

This case, and many others like it, bring to our minds the realization that we have a serious problem in our midst. From time to time, a certain notorious criminal is publicized as Public Enemy Number One. America's real Public Enemy Number One is not one man or a group of men. It is this devilish habit that poisons the life-blood of millions and causes more wreckage and ruin than any other factor in our social structure.

The history of the drink habit, and man's struggle against it, is almost as old as the human race itself. Two different methods have been advocated to remedy the evils of the liquor traffic. One of these is prohibition. The other is regulation. Popular sentiment has favored first one method and then the other. It has not been such a great while since John Barleycorn was considered dead and buried because of prohibition. Now we are hoping that liquor control boards and so forth will lead us out of the wilderness. Whatever the deficiencies of the prohibition plan, it is becoming increasingly apparent that regulation alone can not solve the problem.

First of all, we need the proper objective. Some time ago, the State of Washington passed a liquor control law. In commenting on it, the Governor said, "It is not the purpose of this law to encourage anything other than temperance." While temperance is better than drunkenness, it can not be the final solution of the problem. We must recognize that alcohol is habit forming and the only way to keep the habit from being formed

is to abstain from using it. Total abstinence, not the temperance of the one who drinks it or leaves it alone, is the proper objective in our fight against this great evil.

When we have accepted this objective, the next consideration is how to reach it. How can we persuade our people to aspire toward the ideal of total abstinence? The first thing is education—a sane, logical, intelligent program of education that does not exaggerate but brings out the truth. It does no good to picture the effects of alcohol as being worse than they really are. At the same time, there is a great deal of advertising done by the liquor interests that is pernicious and a great barrier to real progress. How can any educational program be effective in the face of a flood of misleading propaganda? Taking the liquor business away from the private interests will help somewhat. However, putting the government in the liquor business should be considered a temporary expedient and not a permanent policy. Our final goal should be to eliminate the liquor business entirely.

How can we reach this desirable condition? It might be done through a spiritual awakening. We should cry out, as one of old, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." We have temporized with this monster long enough. Let us turn to God for leadership that will give us victory over this problem, not temporarily, but forever.

GARLAND HANSON.

San Diego, California.



### THE WAY TO PEACE

Editor, THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

Should the Church take a more active part in a definite plan for peace? It has been working to create a peace sentiment, but the world had that. At the close of the World War, the people of all nations were ready and anxious for some plan, or organization, that would put a stop to settling disputes between nations by war, but the work for peace seemed to have been left in the hands of political leaders, and the League of Nations is what we got.

Why has the League failed to prevent or stop wars? We may talk or write about what might have happened, "if." We may even lay the blame on the United States or on a few of our senators, for world conditions today, but the fact remains that Article 16 of the Covenant lays the foundation for another "war to end war," and is contrary to the teachings of Christ.

Can an organized effort for peace succeed if the fact is overlooked that "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ"?

FRANK SANTEL

Gibson, Iowa.





## BOOK REVIEWS

Readers are urged to order all books through the Friends Book and Supply House, Richmond, Indiana



### THE RESOURCES OF RELIGION

By GEORGIA HARKNESS

Henry Holt, \$2.00

Several books on religion which I have read within the past month have come far from living up to their attractive titles. Here is a book by Georgia Harkness, who is no stranger to members of the Society of Friends, which most happily surpasses its title. For instead of offering religion to this intensely "use"-minded generation as a tool, as an instrument, as a means, yes as a "resource" as its title would imply, it lays down with alarming frankness "what the Christian religion demands."

These demands center in: (1) Commitment to a God of love whose nature was embodied in Jesus and whose personal concern for the immortal core of every man, woman and child raises them to a dignity which must ever be observed. (2) The concrete practice of love and reverence for life which includes "the very vital necessity of respecting one's own personality as well as others." (3) The regular practice of worship: "One may believe that God exists and act quite decently without worship, but one cannot be a religious person without it." (4) The willingness to be different (which she would distinguish from being queer): "Jesus was different, but he was never queer."

Hear her on the demand to be different: "There is a real difference between the religious and the secular, between Christlike and "worldly" personality. But it is a difference which proceeds from the inside outward. When I think of the most Christlike personalities I know, I find them marked by a concern for spiritual values—not religious values alone in the narrower sense, but beauty, knowledge, fun, friendship, all the higher things of life; I find them able to control their tempers and meet the vicissitudes of life with serenity and courage; I find them humble, confident of their abilities but never boastful; I find them sensitive to other's need and feelings, never willfully giving pain and always eager to heal; I find them gentle but dynamic with a power so evident that it does not need to be talked about."

Her caustic indictment of the modern Church in her chapter on the "Impotence of the Church," where "not infrequently the churches cause one to lose respect for the Church," is as honest as it is searching. There is one passage in particular which should be made "required reading" for those writers and

speakers who periodically delight in celebrating the death of religious liberalism: "To those of us who live not on the theological battlefield but in the hinterlands where dwell the rank-and-file Christians, it seems more adequate to say that in many areas liberalism is not yet born!.. Until the liberalization of religious thought which has been going on in Europe and America for the past 75 years reaches such churches as these, it is premature to hold funeral obsequies."

Yet through all of this critical examination there runs the realization of the necessity for the Church, if it can only really minister to the demands of religion, for "churches as institutions to promote worship are as indispensable as schools to education or hospitals to health."

There is a helpful treatment of the problem of *ends* and *means* in the creation of a Christian Society and an instructive chapter on "Laying Hold of God." This carefully reasoned little book is lighted up again and again by some of Georgia Harkness' own verses.

DOUGLAS V. STEERE.

Haverford College, Pa.



### JOSEPH WRIGHT TAYLOR—FOUNDER OF BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

By MARGARET TAYLOR MACINTOSH

Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Pa.,  
\$1.75

This is a most interesting sort of autobiography of the founder of Bryn Mawr College by his great niece, Margaret Taylor MacIntosh, wife of Archibald MacIntosh, Assistant to the President of Haverford College. I say "autobiography" because his great niece has so cleverly persuaded her great uncle to speak to us himself by extracts from his letters and his diaries and the letters which his friends wrote to him commenting on his plans and labors.

His chosen friends and associates formed a group of the most thoughtful and concerned Friends of that crisis period in our national life in America, known as the Civil War period, and of the low spot in the spiritual life of the Society of Friends following the separations of 1828 and 1848, and which in the decade 1875 to 1885, as Rufus M. Jones points out in his introduction, saw the rise of a concern for education in our Society. The comment on the conditions in England with the contrasts of the living of wealthy Friends and the extreme

poverty of their very near neighbors, is challenging especially from the pen of so friendly an observer.

All Friends will find much of interest in these pages. English Friends will be learning a great deal about the life and thought of American Friends, the difficulties of travel in those days, and the picture of their own hospitable practices as viewed by this shrewd, appreciative American observer. American Friends will be helped to understand the concerns of visiting English Friends and the efforts of Philadelphia Friends to aid them, and perhaps the scanty reference to Hicksite Friends will help our Conference Friends to understand some more of the progress in Friendly fellowship with which our recent years in Quaker activities have blessed us. Even the tendencies to mis-understanding among the Friends at Pyrmont in Germany which Dr. Taylor alludes to are in encouraging contrast to the story of the heroic banding together there of Friends today and the kindly offices of our Foreign Service by Friends English and American.

To approach a World Conference of Friends in 1937 by reading this record of the life and service of one who could not be confined to the leather business or the United States or even the narrower ideas of dress then prevalent among Philadelphia Friends, gives hopeful elasticity to our thinking processes. To quote from his diary: "A free intercourse would not be safe certainly, but may we not often place ourselves in the way of good by a little freedom?"

The account of journeyings with J. Bevan Braithwaite, and his appreciation of that saintly Friend, reminded me very delightfully of a visit I, a lad of fifteen, once paid with my father, James Wood, to Bevan Braithwaite, in his London home. As we were leaving, after inspecting his collections of coins, etc., Bevan Braithwaite, then about seventy, took my hand and kissed it, saying in his lovely hesitating speech: "I do-o I-love yo-young people." Some such lovely atmosphere of affection must have surrounded Dr. Taylor for those inside the charmed circle of his acquaintance.

Dr. Taylor served for twenty-six years on the Board of Trustees of Haverford College, and selected for his intimate advisers such men as Francis T. King of Baltimore and Dr. James Ely Rhoads of Philadelphia, in developing his plans to found a college for the "advanced education of females." It is to the college which he founded that his great niece has given the result of her affectionate research, and all the returns from the publication of the book, which is a real contribution to our Quaker Background, go to increase the campaign fund of Bryn Mawr College.

L. HOLLINGSWORTH WOOD.

New York City.



# QUAKERDOM AT LARGE

William Newman, son of Herman and Emma Newman, whose marriage to Clare Berry is announced in this issue, is Assistant to the Board of Managers of Marshall Fields in Chicago. The Newmans' address is 5514 South Blackstone Avenue.

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Mary Kirk Andrews, a concerned and understanding Friend who for several years has been Professor of Sociology at Greenville College, Greenville, Illinois, has removed to Central City, Nebraska, to join the Faculty of Nebraska Central College.

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Dr. Robert H. Maris, a Wilmington, Delaware, dentist, who is a wide-visioned, discerning and sweet-spirited Friend, is on voyage to Japan by appointment to represent Friends of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting at the annual meeting of Friends in Japan. On his way he stopped off in Oregon to make a brief visit with Amanda Maris Woodward and other relatives, and worshipped with Newberg Friends on Sunday, August 30.

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W. Glenn Roberts, pastor of the Brooklyn, New York, Meeting and who devotes a part of his time to the Brooklyn Federation of Churches, stopped unannounced at Richmond on Sunday morning, September 6, and in the absence of the pastor, William J. Sayers, responded to the request of the local committee and gave a deeply impressive message to East Main Street Friends on how to experience the reality of God.

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Just at hand on the editorial desk is a three hundred page book which constitutes the one hundred and twentieth annual report of the American Bible Society. Of the significant progress of the latter's work we purpose to write something later. Suffice it to say in passing that we invariably receive these reports and the bulletins of the Society with a personal interest in view of the important relation which a few Friends have had to this important work. For many years James Wood was President of the Society. Arlando Marine, a member of the Brooklyn, New York, Meeting, is now a member of the Board of Managers, and is a member of the Ways and Means and Auditing Committees, being chairman of the latter.

\* \* \* \*

Earle M. Winslow of Cambridge, Massachusetts, the Friend who retired recently as head of the Department of Economics at Tufts College rather than take the teachers' oath as prescribed by

the State Legislature, has put on an active campaign for the Democratic nomination for congressman from the Ninth Massachusetts District. The major planks in his platform have to do with Peace and the maintenance of civil liberties. We cannot give the result of the primary election, which occurred on September 15, the day after this issue went to press. As previously noted in these columns, Earle Winslow was placed on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1935, and was awarded the Ford Hall Forum Gold Medal in 1936 for "pre-eminent service to human welfare."

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"Can There Be Peace in Palestine?" is the title of an article in *The Christian Century* for September 9, written by a Palestine journalist, Albert Viton. In the course of the article he quotes, with apparent unity with the opinion expressed, this statement made to him by Khalil Totah, whom he names as Principal of the Friends school there: "It is possible for the Jews and Arabs to arrive at an agreement.... The following conditions seem indispensable: The Jews should part company with European imperialism. It is my opinion that British military support does the Jew more harm than good and will always be in the way of an understanding. Jewish idealism must stand on its own feet and win the Arabs. The Jews should demand a self-respecting legislative council at once... An indispensable condition for peace is an open labor market with no discrimination either against Arab or Jew. The Jews should disabuse themselves of the notion that material benefits are decisive. They are important, but not all-powerful. A more human approach is needed."

## NEWS OF OUR MEETINGS

University Meeting, Wichita, Kansas, was deeply stirred by a service in honor of Fred and Alta and their daughter Martha, Sunday morning, August 30. Fred and Alta were on the platform with the pastor, Charles O. Whitely, who preached a sermon on self-sacrifice, not only for missionaries but for Christians generally. At the close of the sermon, Fred and Alta were consecrated in a prayer by the pastor and Alta also prayed for God's blessing upon them as they leave to return to their work in British East Africa. When Charles Whitely asked if there were any young persons in the meeting who desired to dedicate themselves to some special service for the Lord, Ealine Andrew, one

of the most popular young women of the church, walked to the platform and stood for consecration prayer.

\* \* \* \*

On the evening of August 14, sixty-four friends and neighbors of Polly Couch Bowman, eighty-year old pastor of the New Salem, Indiana, Meeting, gathered at her home to attend a farewell ice cream social held in her honor. As a token of their love and respect, members of the New Salem Meeting presented her with a Bible, while a poem entitled "Aunt Polly," written by Ruby Cole of Greentown, Indiana, and read on this occasion, bespoke the Meeting's appreciation of her eight years of faithful service which came to an end on August 16, 1936.

\* \* \* \*

Herbert Haldy, who has just completed six years of successful work as pastor of Second Friends Church, Marion, Indiana, has accepted a call to serve as pastor of the Portland, Indiana meeting. Harry Kreider of St. Marys, Ohio, will take his place at Marion.

\* \* \* \*

Moses T. Mendenhall is removing from Iowa Yearly Meeting to Whittier, California, where he becomes pastor of the East Whittier Meeting, succeeding Harley M. Moore, recently appointed Superintendent of California Yearly Meeting. Their son David Mendenhall will enroll at Whittier College.

\* \* \* \*

Whitewater Quarterly Meeting was held at West Elkton, Ohio, September 5, with most of the monthly meetings well represented. The meeting has historic interest being the oldest in the Quarterly Meeting where Friends settled early in the nineteenth century after crossing the Ohio River in their migration from the Carolinas. Reports were considered on the State of Society and a splendid address by Charles M. Woodman of Richmond on this theme was much appreciated, as he attempted to appraise the force and implications of spiritual power as expressed in various phases of individual and group Quaker life. A group of young people in the local meeting rendered a vocal number which added to the enjoyment of the occasion. The social entertainment provided by the local women at the noon hour added much to the comfort of the visitors. The day was fine, the interest was good, and the spiritual tone was well maintained. Those privileged to attend have happy memories of the fellowship and the uplift received.



## WHITTIER NEWS NOTES

James Thorp, of the United States Bureau of Chemistry and Soils, brother-in-law of Juanita Beede, of Whittier, gave a most interesting talk on China to a large group at the church on the evening of August 27. He showed many pictures of people in various activities and of beautiful nature scenes. He recently returned from service in China where he had been loaned by the U. S. Government for a period of three years.

David E. Henley gave the message on August 30, and Louis T. Jones on September 6. Both brought strength and blessing to many.

Willard O. Trueblood and wife left recently by boat via the Panama Canal for the East. Dr. Trueblood will aid in the work of the National Preaching Mission, sponsored by the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

O. Herschel Folger of Indianapolis has accepted the call as pastor of Whittier Meeting.

President W. O. Mendenhall gave the message at the Union service in Central Park Sunday evening, September 6. The churches will resume their respective Sunday evening services September 13.

## BUTTERNUTS QUARTERLY MEETING

At West Brookfield, August 15 and 16, was held the summer session of Butternuts Quarterly Meeting, New York Yearly Meeting. Florence Reef of Gasport brought messages at the meeting on ministry and oversight Saturday morning and at the Sunday morning meeting for worship.

The business session was held Saturday afternoon, and the evening meeting was in charge of Young People's Superintendent, Ellison Houser, of West Branch. A young person from each of the four monthly meetings spoke on a phase of the topic, "Christianity in the Home."

On Sunday afternoon the West Brookfield meeting gave effectively the pageant, "The Light of the World." Music provided by Mrs. Belle Crumb was an enjoyable feature throughout the sessions.

Good representations were present from Unadilla, Upperville, West Branch, and the local meeting. Those in attendance enjoyed the hospitality of the West Brookfield people and the spirit of friendliness and fellowship that showed itself between sessions, as well as the blessings of thinking and worshipping together.

The annual conference of Young Friends of Butternuts Quarterly Meeting was held at Rexford Falls Park, Sherburne, August 21, under the leadership of the superintendent, Ellison Houser. A goodly number of young people with a sprinkling of older ones were in atten-

dance from each meeting of the Quarter. Ruth Craig, of Oakwood School, Poughkeepsie, led the group in trying to carry out the two aims of the conference as expressed by the superintendent. At the meeting in the pine grove before the

picnic dinner, we learned everyone's name, and the fun of getting acquainted carried on through the dinner hour and the ball games.

Because of a light rain, the afternoon session was held in the bandstand. There

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Ruth Craig pointed the way to the second objective of the conference—working together for something better. Her talk summed up the development of religious life in the race, the earlier steps of which development persist in the lives of some today: First, a religion of superstition; second, a religion of tradition; third, a religion of duty; fourth and most helpful to the individual, the world and God, a religion of longing and working for better things. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

### A REVIEW OF WORK IN ARBA MEETING

Arba, Indiana, Friends are quite alive, although silent as to any report of their activities. In September of last year we were happy in securing the services of Robert Earle and wife, who have proven efficient leaders of our fine group of young people and are much appreciated by the entire membership and community.

A two weeks' revival meeting last winter with Chester B. McKean, evangelist, resulted in twenty-one accessions to the church. Twenty-five Christian Endeavorers hold services each week and business meetings each month and much spiritual life is manifest. Two of this group contemplate preparation for the ministry. Some of our young people are much interested in holding a service each month at the County Home, which has developed leadership and ability to serve, and is a source of pleasure and profit to the inmates of the Home. Those who attended the conference at Dewart Lake gave good reports of benefit received.

Hubert Nicholson was chosen to represent Friends at the Young People's Annual Camp Conference of the Church of the Brethren at Camp Mack, and at a Sabbath evening service we listened to his most excellent report.

Ralph Earle of Boston, Massachusetts, a brother of our pastor, recently brought an inspirational and challenging message to our young people, and also very acceptably led the Christian Endeavor. Their father and mother, of Rhode Island, were present at both morning and evening services, and their words of counsel and encouragement were well received. Robert Earle has been chosen to serve as pastor another year.

### WESTERN YEARLY MEETING FEATURES A. F. S. C.

A special feature of Western Yearly Meeting this year (as noted in our last issue) was the American Friends Service Committee dinner. Sumner Mills, as chairman of the local committee, was in charge of the arrangements. There were many present who had served in France,

Germany, and Poland, in the reconstruction work.

After the cafeteria dinner, Robert Balderston, of Chicago, Illinois, acted as toastmaster, and presented Rufus M. Jones to speak briefly to the group. Rufus Jones called our attention to the fact that the service of love carried on by the Friends from England and America after the war, had been responsible for the springing up of Friends' groups in every country where service had been rendered. It is not enough for us to rejoice over the progress made during that period, for we must now share in the perplexing difficulties which confront these new members of the Society of Friends.

In the regular meeting which followed later, Robert Balderston introduced visiting representatives from the Mennonite and Brethren Churches. They united most effectively with Friends in the essential need for a Peace testimony, and spoke of their appreciation of sharing with Friends this great ideal.

Rufus M. Jones spoke again, and referred to the significant work of the Service Committee in its efforts to reconstruct parts of society in order that human beings might have a more satisfactory environment in which to develop Christian character. It is as essential for us to change society as it is for us to change individuals.

### FOR THE GLORY OF WORK TO BE DONE

Heave ho! Pull hard! Tug at the oar  
If thou wouldst gain ambition's shore  
Strong of purpose and steady of nerve  
And stand, victorious, ready to serve.

\* \* \*

Do you find delight in the silvery leaves  
Of willows, turned up by a sparkling breeze?

Tall pines beyond all darkly shrouded,  
Blue skies above all billowy clouded?  
Call "Ho! for the glory of mind and sun"  
(Now, Ho! for the glory of work to be done.)

MABEL C. MOODY.

Concord, N. H.

### FRIENDSWOOD QUARTERLY MEETING

Friendswood Quarterly Meeting was held in August at Bayshore, Texas, with members in attendance from Houston, Clover Leaf and Friendswood. The presence of Hannah Day Beals, aged non-resident member of Jennings, Louisiana, was an inspiration and blessing to all. Also the presence and services of H. D. Lupton and his children Esther, Emerson and Russell, of Gate, Oklahoma, were appreciated.

The worship services Friday afternoon and evening and Sabbath morning were in charge of Herschel Louthan, new pastor at Houston. The other services were conducted by Fred R. Newkirk, pastor at Friendswood, and Harold A. Selleck, pastor at Bayshore.

Those of our young people who have left Friendswood to attend Friends Bible College at Haviland, Kansas, are: Margaret Brown, C. L. Stevenson, Mary Newkirk, Anita Altemus, Sheila McGinnis and Betty Stevenson.

### HARVEYSBURG CENTENNIAL

Harveysburg, Ohio, Particular Meeting, in Wilmington Yearly Meeting, will celebrate, on November 15, 1936, the centennial of its establishment. The committee wishes to hear from any and all persons who have at any time been members or attenders of this meeting or of its Sunday School. Ministers who have served the meeting as evangelists will please tell when and report the results of their work. All other ministers and Bible School teachers who have served the meeting are asked to send word with dates of service. Address: Anna C. Stinson, Harveysburg, Ohio.

### CORRECTION GRACIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED

Editor, THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

A friend of mine has called attention to a misstatement in the recent article which I wrote for THE AMERICAN FRIEND, entitled, "The Gospel of Salvation." I mentioned the author of the hymn, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," as being a master of a slave ship. Instead, Sir John Bowring was a naval

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GEORGE SCHOOL is operated by a Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting (Race Street). Its special rates and scholarships are available to the children of Friends of all Yearly and Independent Meetings. More than half of the students are children of Friends.

Applications for entrance in Ninth Month can still be considered and names placed on the waiting list. The number of boys on the list is small. The number of girls is greater and it is unlikely that many can be accepted.

GEORGE A. WALTON, *Principal*, Box 351, George School, Pennsylvania.



commander in the British service, and helped to force the opium traffic on India. Newton, the author of the hymn, "I once was lost but now am found," was a master of a slave ship. Said he: "At that time my heart was tender but my mind was unenlightened." But he did later see the light.

To Lindley D. Clark, Sandy Spring, Maryland, goes the credit for straightening me out in this matter.

JAMES R. FURBAY.

Marion, Indiana.

## WORK RESUMED UNDER NEW LEADERSHIP

First Friends, Marion, Indiana, have resumed their regular services after the vacation season. During the month of August, while they were without a pastor, the church auditorium and class rooms were closed for redecoration. However, Sunday School classes were held in the parsonage and the basement of the church, and short meetings for worship were held each Sunday under the leadership of various members. On September 6, the first Sunday of the pastoral year, the auditorium was opened for services and James R. Furbay preached his first sermon as pastor of the Meeting.

## ADOPTED

PIERCE—On July 13, 1936, by Jerry A. and Jane Pierce, 1 Merrymount Road, Baltimore, Maryland, Jerry Ellen Pierce, an infant four months old.

## MARRIAGES

HADLEY-BUTLER—On August 7, 1936, at the home of the bride's brother, H. E. Butler, Des Moines, Iowa, Carrie A. Butler and Riley J. Hadley. Viola Smith, minister, assisted by Richard R. Newby. Carrie Butler, a minister, has for several years served as pastor of the Friends Meeting at Grinnell, Iowa. The couple will be at home after October first at the Hadley farm near Grinnell.

NEWMAN-BERRY—At Oskaloosa, Iowa, August 15, 1936, at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. William E. and Ethel Berry, Clare Berry to William Newman of Chicago, the bride and groom saying their own vows after the manner of Friends.

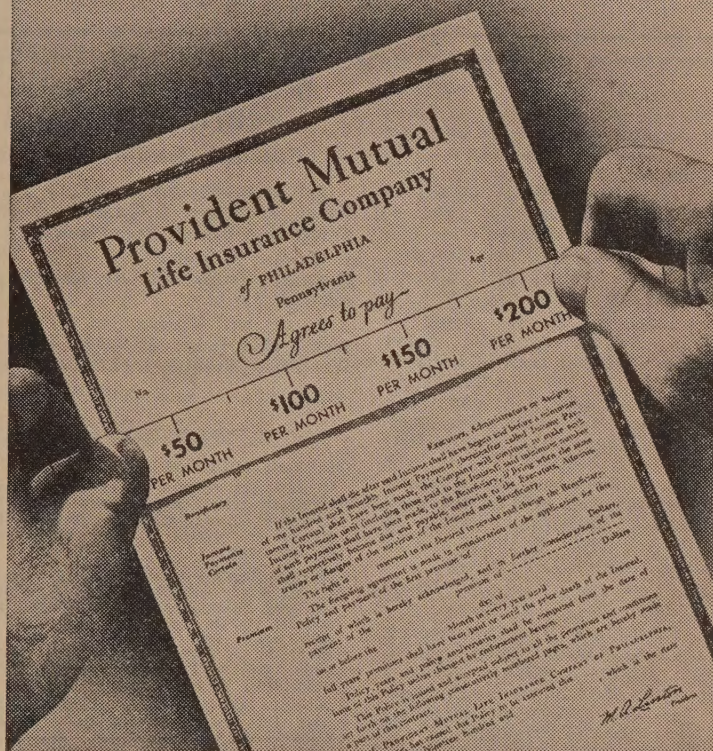
PARKER-BADGETT—At Guilford College, N. C., August 4, 1936, Elizabeth Badgett to Robert J. Parker, Murray C. Johnson minister. The father of the bride is Herman Parker, pastor of the Friends meeting of Asheboro, N. C.

PEARSON-BROWN—At the home of the bride's parents, Allen W. and Zora Brown, Friendswood, Texas, August 22, 1936, Versa Brown to Earl Pearson, Fred R. Newkirk, minister.

## DEATHS

BROWN—At the home of her daughter in Collins, New York, August 29, 1936, Susanna Jessup Brown. The daughter of Elam and Anna Jessup, she was born at Bangor, Iowa, July 24, 1861, and grew up in a Christian home under the influence of Iowa Yearly Meeting. She

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was married April 23, 1888 to William H. Brown who preceded her in death twelve years ago. Four sons and two daughters survive her. She was a birthright Friend, living near Bangor, Iowa, until 1908 when the family moved to Oskaloosa, later moving in 1916 to Springville, N. Y. Funeral services were held at the home of her daughter Edna Steele, in Collins, with Everett Chapman in charge.

**EVANS**—Suddenly at his home in Indianapolis, August 3, 1936, Asher Brown Evans. He was born in Indianapolis November 2, 1874, a birthright Friend, the son of Joseph R. and Caroline E. B. Evans. In 1895 he was graduated from Earlham College, and in 1901 was married to Angeline S. Woody, who survives him, with one son and a daughter. Funeral services, held at the residence August 6, were conducted by O. Herschel Folger, Alvin T. Coate and by Dr. Robert W. Gammon of Chicago.

**STUBBS**—At West Elkton, Ohio, August 8, 1936, Susan K. Stubbs, the daughter of Jesse and Mary Kenworthy. She was born near West Elkton, October 16, 1842. After attending Friends Boarding School, now known as Earlham College, she was united in marriage August 30, 1866, to Marmaduke M. Stubbs, who preceded her in death many years ago. She was a birthright Friend and at an early age committed herself unreservedly to her Saviour, to whom she was faithful in service throughout her long life. In 1895 she, with her husband, suffered the loss of a dearly loved son of much promise, Alvin Zimri. Surviving her are her daughter Mary Louanna Roberts, and a brother, Zimri Kenworthy. Funeral services were held at the Friends church at West Elkton August 11, conducted by James M. Swander, the pastor, assisted by Truman C. Kenworthy.

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## SCHEDULE OF YEARLY MEETINGS FOR 1936

(With name and address of Clerk)

**INDIANA**—September 23 to 27, Richmond, Indiana; William J. Sayers, 25 South 15th Street, Richmond.

**KANSAS**—October 13 to 18, Wichita, Kansas, Frank C. Brown, Haviland, Kansas.

**BALTIMORE**—October 20 to 25, Baltimore, Maryland; J. Hoge Ricks, 1506 Westwood Avenue, Richmond, Virginia.

## LOCAL MEETING DIRECTORY

### CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Visitors are invited to attend the following Meetings. The names and addresses of Friends coming to Chicago should be sent to Milton H. Hadley or Garfield V. Cox, whose addresses appear below.

**Chicago Monthly Meeting.** South Side meeting at 66th Place and Blackstone. (6620 South and 1436 east) Bible School at ten, meeting for worship at eleven. Fellowship Day—2nd Sunday each month from October to June. Jackson Park "L" to Dorchester, east one block, then south. Milton H. Hadley, minister, 6041 Kenwood Ave., telephone Fairfax 6641.

**Evanston Meeting.** Maple and Greenleaf, Evanston. One block east of Ridge Boulevard, two blocks north of Main Street. Bible School at nine-forty-five, meeting for worship, eleven. Milton H. Hadley, minister.

**57th Street Monthly Meeting**—1174 East 57th Street, John Woolman Hall. Meeting for Worship 10:45. Religious Forum 11:30 a. m. Garfield V. Cox, Clerk, 1332 East 56th Street, Telephone Dorchester 5745.

### CINCINNATI, OHIO

Cincinnati Friends Meeting is held in the new meetinghouse, Eden and Donohue Streets, Cincinnati.

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### DENVER COLORADO

Friends Meeting, 4100 Shoshone St. Worship 11:00 a. m., Bible School 9:45 a. m., Christian Endeavor 7:00 p. m. Visiting friends call Cecil E. Hinshaw, Minister, 3855 Clay St., Phone Gallup 4650W.

### DETROIT, MICHIGAN

First Friends Church, Fullerton and Ohio Ave., in Noble School Bldg. Take Grand River car to Ohio, then two blocks north. Bible School, 10 a. m., Meeting for Worship 11 a. m. Send names and addresses of people coming to Detroit to J. Edgar Williams, Pastor, 11832 Ohio Ave. Phone, Hogarth 0624.

### FRIENDSWOOD, TEXAS

Friendswood Quarterly Meeting in South Texas invites Friends attending the Texas Centennial to visit our meetings at Friendswood, Bayshore, Clover Leaf, and Houston. For information write Fred R. Newkirk, Friendswood, Texas. If in Houston call George S. Durant, Taylor 8226, and get in touch with Texas Friends.

### MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Friends Church, 1st Avenue So. at 14th Street. Meeting for worship at 11 a. m. Pastor, H. Millard Jones, 135 East 37th Street.

### NEW YORK, N. Y.

Gramercy Park Meeting, 144 East 20th Street, Manhattan. Brooklyn Meeting, Lafayette and Washington Avenues. Meetings for worship First Day at 11 o'clock. Visitors welcome.

### SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Friends Memorial Church, 23rd Avenue and East Spruce Street. Meeting for Worship 11 a. m. Pastor, William J. Murphy, 2315 E. Spruce Street.

### WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington Monthly Meeting of Friends, affiliated with Five Years Meeting, 13th and Irving Streets, N. W.; Bible School, 9:45 a. m.; Meeting for Worship, 11 a. m. Visitors welcome. Friends Meeting, 2111 Florida Ave., one block from Conn. Ave. Meeting for Worship First-day at 11:00 o'clock, First-day school at 9:45. Friends and others interested are cordially invited.

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